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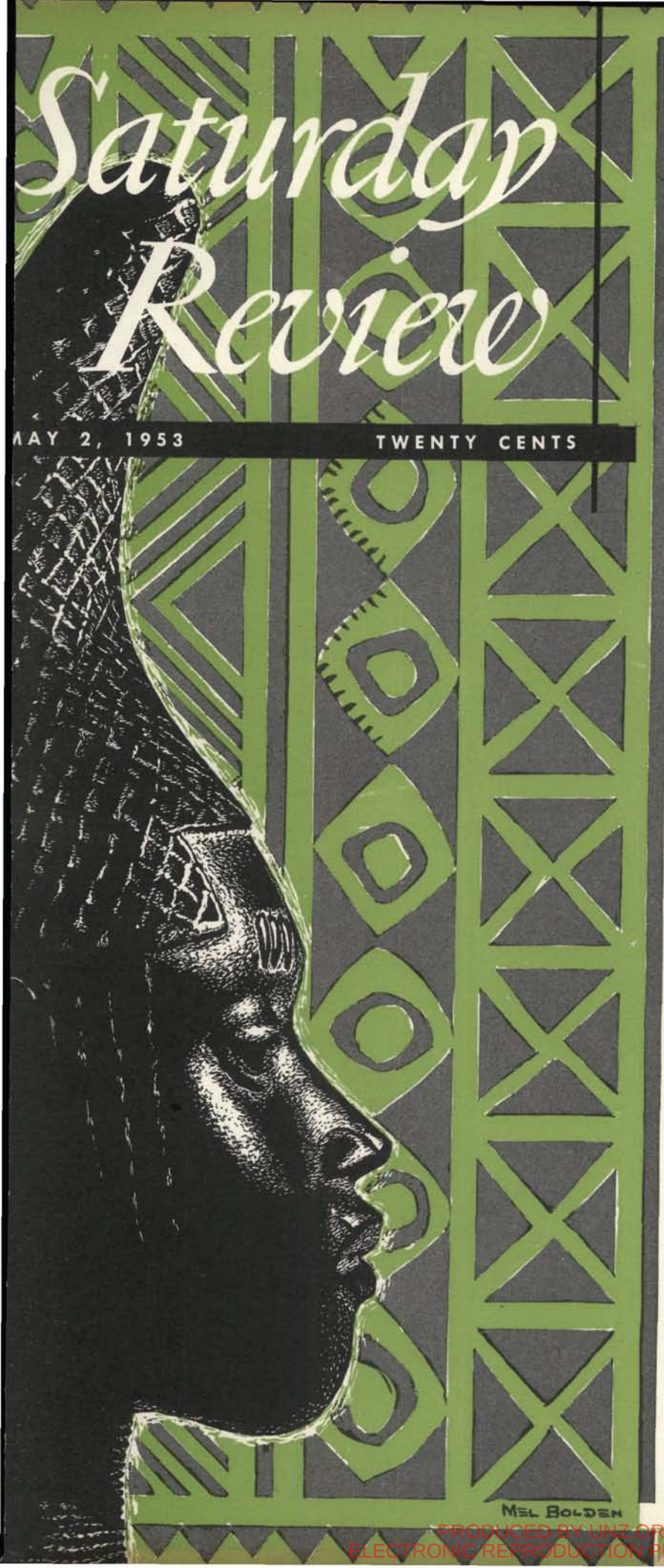

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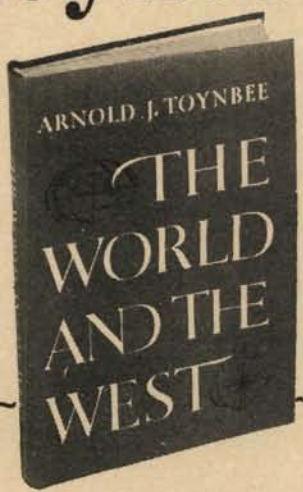

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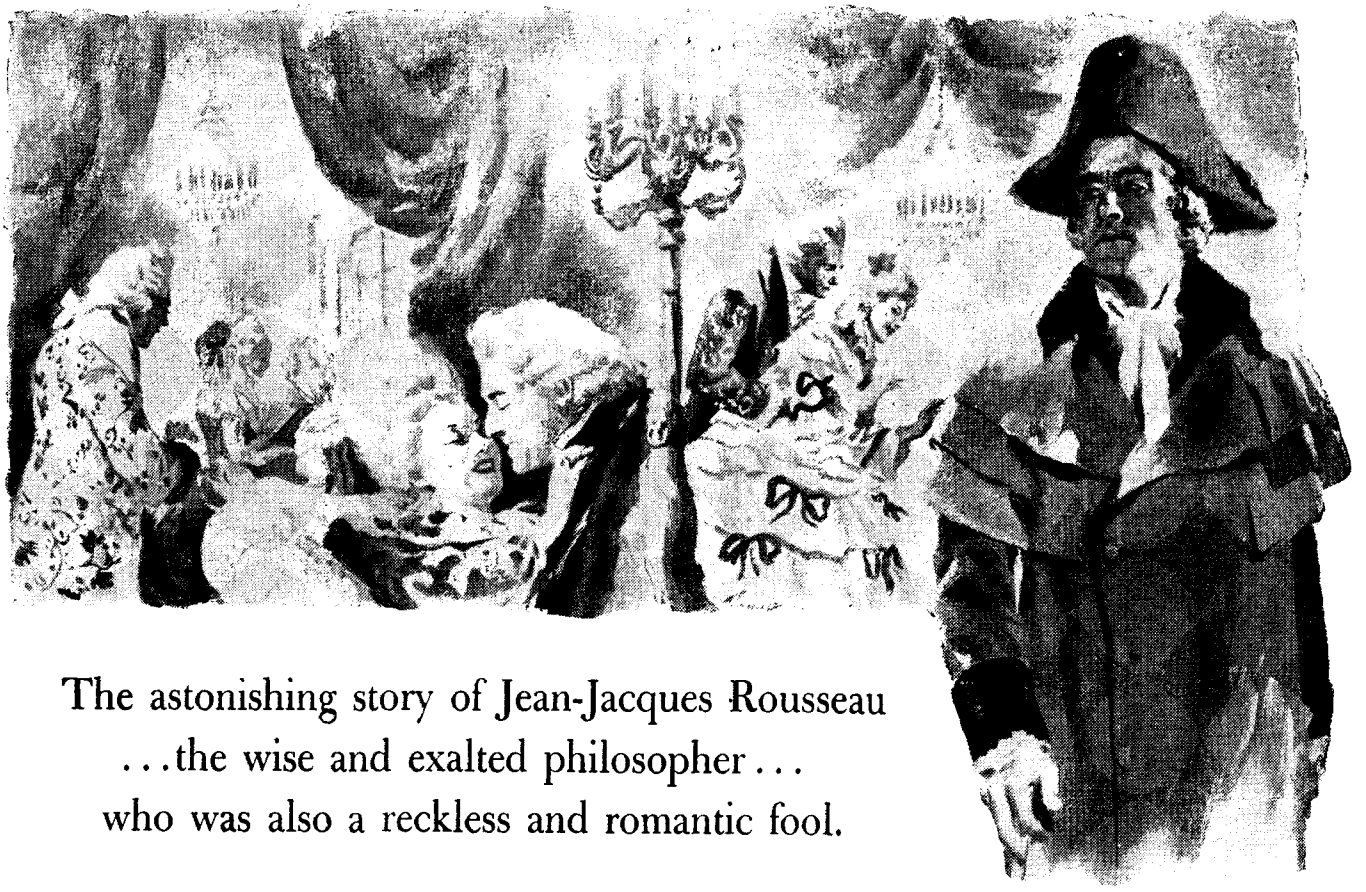

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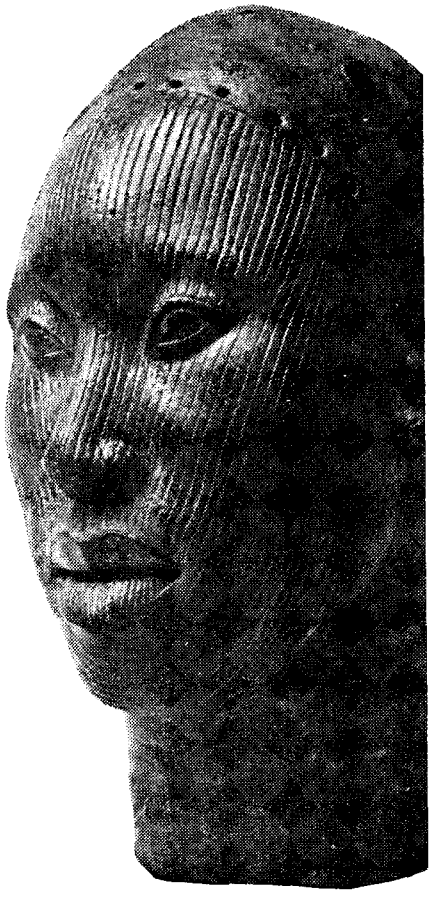

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Good News

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Beginning with this issue the* GOOD NEWS *column will be edited by Donald Harrington, minister of The Community Church of New York and successor to John Haynes Holmes in that post. Mr. Harrington is taking the place of Joseph M. Grant, now abroad, who edited* GOOD NEWS *in the past.*

▶ Dr. A. Powell Davies, dynamic minister of All Souls Unitarian Church in Washington, D. C., begins his latest book with an arresting story. "Some years ago, I received a call . . . from a man . . . from a European country . . . we went over the sad state of the world for a few minutes, and then my visitor leaned back in his chair and said, . . . 'You know, at every level, people are almost good; they are tempted to be good, but they resist the temptation.'" It is good news to be reminded thus that we are tempted to goodness as well as to evil, and that many do daily succumb to the temptation to be kind, generous, sympathetic, brave, and sincere. May this column, with its presentation of the cheerful side of the news, lead many to succumb to "the temptation to be good."

▶ Mayor Ernst Reuter, of West Berlin, like a knight errant of old, flew back to his little island of democracy surrounded by the red sea of Soviet totalitarianism. With him he carried a check for $250,000 and a promise of $750,000 more for aid to the Soviet Zone refugees who have been pouring into West Berlin from the East. Thus have Americans once again responded to the appeal of those who will not abide slavery. Such good news of American pity for the suffering and passion for liberty is made possible by contributions made to the International Rescue League headed by Leo Cherne.

▶ They are just a small group of elderly ladies who meet once a week at the Friends Meeting House, 144 E. 20th St., yet a few days ago they sent upon its way the 500,000th new garment in twelve years to cover the body and lift up the heart of some small war victim overseas. In 952 these sociable sewers produced 5,844 new garments and 973 layettes. Their annual production figure is thirty-eight tons of brand new clothes for their fellowmen far away. How truly are these simple folk called "Friends."

—DONALD HARRINGTON.

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TRADE Winds

THE OVERSEAS PRESS CLUB, New York haven for globe-trotting authors and aristocrats of journalism, will have a comfortable home of its own next year as a result of a high-powered fund-raising drive this season. And attendance will soar if newscaster and TV-panel moderator John Charles Patrick Croghan Daly can come up with more ice-breakers like the following, which wowed the celebrities at the last meeting:

A deserving lad, related John, came home after six years at an orthodox rabbinical school. He had graduated with honors, and was decked out in his long black alpaca coat, skull cap, and prayer shawl—all badges of his new calling—with a long black beard adorning his chin and six heavy prayer books under his arm.

His mother looked up from her cooking as he entered the door and cried out, "Quick, Papa, look who's here! *Joe College!*"

ALL THE CARE and trouble lavished on the National Book Awards have been justified by the accelerated sales pace of the winning titles this year. Ralph Ellison's "Invisible Man," for instance, which barely was moving when it was named the "Novel of 1953," promptly raked up six thousand additional orders in the ensuing two months. . . . Another pleasant by-product of the ceremonies was the formation of a club for the country's book reviewers, called "The Court of Hissing Men." Chief hissers, at the moment, are John Hutchens, Fred Babcock, and Joe Jackson. . . . Bill Cole says it's a lucky thing Warren Eyster's "Far from the Customary Skies" was published in April: the last month until September with an "R" in it. . . . Louis Greene is trying to track down the rascal who threatens to start a new journal called *Booksellers' Weekly*—for publishers. . . . Our Las Vegas scout reports that shortly before the atom bomb explosion wiped out the house constructed especially for the purpose, civic and church dignitaries from all over the country were invited to inspect the site. A cardina and his retinue were on their way over when it was discovered that a prankster had undressed the male and female plaster models scattered around the premises and posed them *in compromising positions.* They were restored to a respectable status in the nick of time. There was one book in the doomed premises also: a copy of "Gone With the Wind."

THE PUBLISHING SITUATION in France today is a complicated one, but the identity and policies of the leading houses, and the headliners on their lists, are clarified in an article in *Realités* (in the issue dated January 1953), printed in English in Paris, and obtainable from the New York office 55 West 42nd Street. . . . In an "Invitation to Learning" radio program on CBS, Bill Rogers of the A.P. sat vis à-vis to comely Virgilia Peterson and Lyman Bryson, discussing "The Three Musketeers." "A true Frenchman like D'Artagnan," concluded Bill via the microphone, "would disrupt a program like this in a matter of seconds. He'd take one look at two strong men like us analyzing a book, another at Miss Peterson, run his long sword through Lyman and myself and be off to the hills with Miss Peterson in his arms." Miss Peterson's sigh could be heard from coast to coast.

I AM INDEBTED TO ALBERT GOLDSTEIN, of the *Times-Picayune,* for this delec

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table anecdote from New Orleans. One Saturday night a prominent young attorney, a bit the worse for wear after making the rounds of the French Quarter, found that he had lost the key to his own front door, and decided he'd have to wedge himself in via the basement window. Apprehended in the act by an alert patrolman (always bound to turn up at just such an inopportune moment) the attorney explained that it was his own house he was trying to enter. "Oh, yeah?" jeered the patrolman, reaching for his gat. "Wutcha name, smarty pants?" The attorney, visibly nettled, answered firmly, "Eisenhower. Dwight D. Eisenhower." The patrolman scratched his noggin. "Sounds okay," he admitted, "but you better let me see ya identification."

Goldstein also tells a story about the strange disappearance of a beautiful, fragile chair, priceless eighteenth-century antique from France, from the drawingroom of socially prominent Mrs. O. K. Thrifty (which of course wasn't her correct name). Seems that Mrs. Thrifty asked her insurance agency to send out its brightest young man to write out a new policy, and Mr. Jack B. Nimble (not his name either) was promptly dispatched on the mission. It was after Mr. Nimble returned to his office that Mrs. Thrifty noticed that her priceless

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 515

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 515 will be found in the next issue.

ABXBWCDCPO DRXPCPWP

CX ENFRGQHCXM

KRGE NAAREW STNX

KRG TBLN AREMRWWNX

KRGE BCO.

PBXWBKBXB

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 514

Self-complacency is pleasure accompanied by the idea of oneself as cause. —SPINOZA.

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CORPUS OF JOE BAILEY

by OAKLEY HALL

A Window On
SUTTON'S PLACES

If you've been traveling with our traveling section lately you've met Marilyn Monroe and drunk potassium juice in Los Angeles; sat in on a conference with the Archbishop of Canterbury in London; sopped up stout and culture in Desperate Dublin. This week, Horace Sutton, *SR*'s travel editor, takes you to southern France for pâté and prehistory. (See Gaul Stones, page 45). Sutton's Places are stretching from Tokyo to Taormina. If you're going or if you're staying read Sutton on travel regularly in *The Saturday Review.*

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"History, as Voltaire suggested, can only be written well in a free country and one way to keep it free is to encourage historical curiosity among the citizens. People who don't know where they are going make fewer blunders if they know where they've been."
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chair was missing. The police grille servants and Mr. Nimble for hour and searched all New Orleans with out uncovering a clue. It was onl upon the demise of Mrs. Thrifty, son fifteen years later, that bright M Nimble, now president of the insu ance firm, unbuttoned his lips.

While waiting in the parlor for Mr Thrifty's appearance, it seems, M Nimble, somewhat nervous over th impending interview, which mea much to his career, plunked himse onto the delicate antique and sha tered it into a hundred pieces. Ho rified at the thought of facing th formidable Mrs. Thrifty in such situation, he had hastily gathered u the priceless fragments and pitche them into the fire smoldering in th parlor grate. Indeed, Mrs. Thrift upon entering the room, had com mented cheerfully, "That's the fir decent fire my fool butler has whippe up all winter," and, her weary bon thawed out by the blaze, had allowe herself to be talked into a policy thr times the size even the agency he had hoped for. Mr. Nimble's succe was assured that very day.

LITERARY FOLK WHO THINK they have have their clothes made in Lond will kindly note that T. S. Eliot, wh has become very English indeed, st favors the tailoring establishment Harry Decker, whose Langrock Clot ing Store is just across Nassau Stre from the Princeton University camp in New Jersey. Decker recently r ceived from Eliot an advance co for the new English edition of h "Collected Plays and Poems," a Eliot took pains to point out that the photograph on the back he w sporting the suit he had bought fr Decker in 1948, when he was a mem ber of the faculty of the Institute f Advanced Study in Princeton. . Speaking of English clothes, I wond when the heck Hawes and Curtis a going to get their old line of eveni ties back into stock again. . . . Jo Steinbeck wrote his introduction Al Capp's "The World of Li'l Abn in what, he says, "we Americans c Yurrp." "In Yurrp," he adds, "writ are taken as seriously as Lana Tur er's legs are in America—a ridiculo situation. When Yurrpeans want to say who is the best writer in Am ica today, I can't think of any na but Capp. They usually yelp, 'I doesn't he do a comic strip?' Well, l erature, it seems to me, should read, and it should amuse, move, struct, change, and criticize peo Who in the world does that more th Capp?"

Mama, throw those poor boys half-dozen more comic books!

—BENNETT CERF

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The Saturday Review | MAY 2. 1953

AMERICA AND THE CHALLENGE OF AFRICA

AS part of its continuing program to relate the world of books and ideas to the world of events, The Saturday Review *has published from time to time special numbers on the leading questions, issues, and forces concerned with history in the making. On Jan. 13, 1951,* SR *published "America and the Mind of Europe"; this was followed by "America and the Challenge of Asia,"* SR *Aug. 4, 1951; "America and the Partnership with Britain,"* SR *Oct. 13, 1951; and "Report from Canada,"* SR *June 7, 1952. The present number has been put together largely as the result of the encouraging response to that series; many readers have explicitly requested a special issue on Africa.*

For its guest editors The Saturday Review *went to a South African and an American. The South African is the distinguished author of "Cry, the Beloved Country," Alan Paton, whose name is identified with the most searching and honest thought being done on the national and world problems raised by events on the African continent and who represents the many thoughtful South Africans who are striving for a reasonable and just settlement of the tensions that plague the continent. For co-editor of the issue, working in America, the editors invited Harold Isaacs, for many years—as correspondent, editor, and author—a specialist in colonial problems and international relations. He is the author of several notable books on Asia as well as the Foreign Policy Association booklet "Africa: New Crises in the Making."*

The attempt in these special issues has been not only to deal with the main elements of crisis in a total culture, but to define as fully as possible the challenge presented by that crisis to the American people.

'N AFRICA decisions are being made for all of us. Last of the continents - to be drawn into the currents of odern history, it is also the last to :gin seeking its place in the great ntinental rearrangements of our vn times. The earth of Africa con-ibutes its heavy share to the great :ategies and conflicts: gold and anganese, palm oil and copper, sisal d cobalt . . . and uranium. Its place the globe, too, is vital to the mo-ons of inter-continental trade or war. it the peoples of Africa place in-tently on the world's agenda mat-'s of still greater weight in the lances of human affairs. These in-ude formidable problems of coping th backwardness, of creating new litical and social mechanisms and :titutions, of avoiding the ruin of otless collisions, of testing new mulas for peaceful growth and itful use of natural resources.

These are immense tasks which by themselves tax Africa's and the whole world's utmost capacities. But Africa requires still more than all this: it calls for a better answer to the problem of human relations. For in Africa the whole issue of race is posed in its most acute form, race as it figures in relations among people and race as it affects relations among nations. For more, perhaps, than anywhere else in the world, in Africa the solution of the great political, economic, and social problems depends on the achievement of greater intelligence and greater decency in the living-together of different races of man. Today's Africa is a patchwork of some effort, small successes, and great failures in this overriding respect, and the failures threaten all men with catastrophe.

Because nothing in the world now lies apart from the necessary preoccupation of Americans, Africa least of all, *The Saturday Review* has attempted in this special issue to bring Africa into the focus of our world-view. We could not, of course, attempt to do this inclusively. Africa is a large subject, and no one will ever this briefly exhaust even its major aspects or successfully respect all the points of view relevant to them. Our main purpose has been only to suggest something of what the history of our days means when viewed by Africans and in African terms. The real darkness of Africa has been the darkness of our own ignorance about it. Hence our effort here is to make some small contribution to replacing this ignorance with some information and, more, with a recognition of some of the human emotions and dilemmas which fill Africa today and are not really so remote or different from our own.

—ALAN PATON AND HAROLD ISAACS.

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Western Man and the African Crisis

HAROLD ISAACS

IN HIS inaugural review of world affairs, President Eisenhower made no mention at all of Africa. In his maiden speech as Secretary of State, John Foster Dulles referred to Africa in two sentences in which he suggested that "if" there is trouble in Africa it will be due to the "Communists." If this is to be taken as the measure of official American concern with Africa at the present time, we are in for some rude jolts. Eruptions of volcanic proportions are in the making in Africa. When the lava begins raining down on our heads and we search frantically for policies, remedies, and solutions, it may be too late to find anything but scapegoats. It is not difficult to imagine future Congressional committees combing the State Department for the officials who "lost" Africa for the free world.

Yet in the past year it should have become impossible to ignore or belittle the emergence of Africa as a major factor in world affairs. Some of the pressures accumulating for a long time in different parts of Africa have already broken surface. Others are plainly close to breaking points. Conflicts have begun to draw blood and blood writes headlines. Mau Mau terrorism in Kenya, sporadic violence in South Africa, clashes in Morocco and Tunisia—with these Africa has graduated to the front page and is there to stay. Because it has so far been unbloody, the civil disobedience movement in South Africa—perhaps the most significant development of all—has received much less attention, but it is obviously the precursor of greater and possibly more "newsworthy" events to come in the future.

It is quite possible that, as in certain diseases, the visible appearance of the symptoms means that it may be too late, or almost too late, for a cure. If this is so, we would do well to be quite clear that the diseased body in Africa is not so much the African's as it is the European's. It is Western man, with his power hunger, his unpractised religion, his racism, his slowness to admit the humanity of all men, who is being billed for a misspent history. If the African in Kenya and South Africa is beginning to react with desperation, it is the European who has driven him to it. If the African is beginning to resort to counter-racism and unreasoning violence, it is because the European has blocked his way to the use of more reasonable means of achieving his reasonable ends.

This diagnosis is not extreme. The most that can be said is that it may be a little premature, or that it still does not apply to all or even most of Africa but only to a number of key places in it, or that the infection is still localized and, by heroic measures, can be prevented from spreading. Any student of these conditions is entitled to his own estimate of the rate at which they are developing. But we had better be sure the estimator is consulting the facts and not his own ignorance or his wishes.

A little more than a year ago the experts on South Africa were saying it would be "years" before the Africans in that country could organize effectively in their own interest. Yet in these past ten months Africans in South Africa have with remarkable success marshaled themselves under the most demanding of all political banners, that of non-violent resistance, and their campaign has brough the Union to the edge of a majo crisis. In his farewell as retiring gov ernor of Kenya last year, Sir Philij Mitchell boasted that there had neve been greater harmony among th races living in that East African Brit ish colony. Yet a few weeks after h left, Mau Mau struck, and Kenya be came a land of fearful violence an fearful panic. These tremors an shocks are registering on the in creasingly sensitive seismographs o emergent dissidence throughout th rest of Africa. It would now be a bol man who would insist that the rela tive calm in Africa's other foreign ruled territories will last indefinitely or even for a long time to come.

THERE is nothing simple, easy, o uniform about the vastness and th complexities of Africa. But the bi fact is plain enough. Africa has be gun to seek its place in the great con tinental rearrangements of our time Africa's peoples, long locked in thei continent, for centuries prey to th slave-trader, were in the last hundre years sectioned off as colonial sub jects of Europe's empires. They wer the last to be drawn into the main stream of modern history. They ar the last now to begin seeking a chang in their status as a submerged seg ment of humanity. They bring to th nascent effort the strength of the numbers and the great materia wealth of their lands.

The European brought change t Africa. In great numbers African were not merely subjected to Euro pean rule. They were wrenched fro their older tribal societies and thru into new ways of life dominated b the needs and interests of the Euro peans. In this new order of thing they were expected to content them selves with an inferior status, wit the denial of opportunities to gro and develop along new lines. Caugh between two ways of life, they we placed on a rack of the white man contriving and were expected by th white man to remain in that painf posture indefinitely, or at best to w relief from it at a pace and in a man ner dictated by the white man. Th expectation is now being rudely u set. The African is beginning to tran form himself from a docile subje into a man intent upon changing h conditions of life. This is what is ad ing a turbulent Africa to the crowd agenda of an already turbulent worl

This raises a host of staggerin

—*Seaman in ILGWU Justice.*

"Direct Hit."

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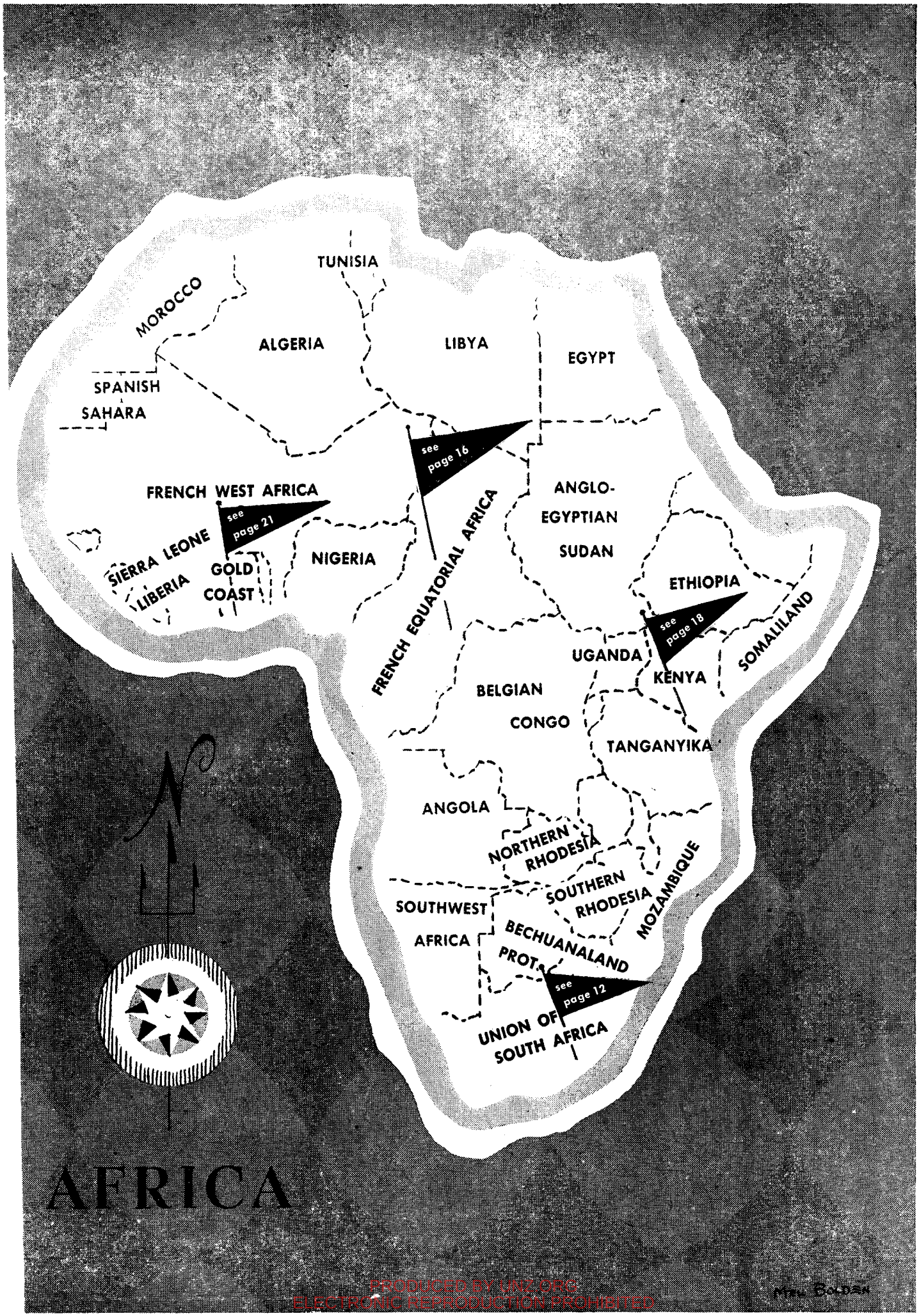

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problems. They cannot be wished away any more than we could wish away the changes that have come so recently in Asia. It should still be fresh in our minds that less than fifteen years ago Asia was still a remote place of only minor apparent concern to Americans. Yet within this time, Asia has broken into our awareness with cataclysmic effect; our Asian policy is capable now of making and unmaking Presidents and even of dominating the entire spectrum through which we view world affairs.

And now, when we have still by no means absorbed the full meaning of the new place of Asia in our affairs, Africa thrusts itself insistently forward, demanding and requiring the world's attention. Our education about Asia was education-through-catastrophe. The question is whether we can still educate ourselves about Africa in a less painful and less costly manner.

Shorten or lengthen the perspective, narrow or widen the frame, Africa stays in the picture. Viewed as a military factor in the world power struggle, Africa's importance is self-evident. Its northern littoral backstops—or menaces—a shaky Europe. Its coasts dominate communications between the West and Asia. Its mines, forests, and plantations yield strategic materials in decisive quantities to the West's industrial and military machines. But one need not look very long or hard at these facts to see that every military problem is really a political problem. Strategic position does not consist merely of chunks of unpeopled terrain neatly arranged in geometric combinations on the war maps.

This point need hardly be labored, but of what use will be the air bases in Morocco or the ports of Capetown or Durban if their present rulers, our allies, are rendered powerless and their populations are hostile?

EVEN if one sees politics only as the handmaiden of strategy, it is obvious that burgeoning dissent from European rule in large parts of Africa is a factor of the first magnitude. It would be a gross, and fatal, misreading of the facts to think of "trouble" in Africa as the product of a Kremlin conspiracy. The charges that are beginning to explode in Africa were laid in its soil by the Europeans who conquered it and rule it now. What the Kremlin can and will do is try to exploit situations it did not have to create. Africa, in fact, is a primary testing ground for the basic strategic concept bequeathed by Stalin to Mal-

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SOUTH AFRICA

Can White Supremacy Endure?

The White Man's Dilemma

ALAN PATON

IS THE white man in South Africa really in a dilemma? Or is he merely being arrogant, selfish, and domineering, as so many of his critics think he is?

Is he in a tragic dilemma? Or is he in a comic dilemma, like the monkey who has put its paw into the hole in the gourd, and will be caught because he is too greedy to let go? Or is the monkey's dilemma perhaps comic only to those who are not monkeys?

For my part, I think the white man in South Africa is in a tragic dilemma. For my part, I think he is often arrogant, selfish, and domineering; but he is often also brave, upright, and tender; he is often anxious and confused. I can never lose sight of the fact that so many of his critics, had they lived here, would have been the same.

A man is caught on the face of a cliff. As he sees it, he cannot go up and he cannot go down; if he stays where he is, he will die. All those who stand watching have pity for him. But the analogy, alas, is obviously incomplete, for the world's spectators of our drama are seldom pitiful; they are more often reproachful.

From their point of vantage they can see which way we ought to go, but they see us taking some other way which will lead us to destruction. And what is more, we take this other way with such open eyes, and with such precise formulation of our aims, and with such knowledge of the forebodings of others, that the world looks at us in astonishment, wondering what madness has possessed us.

What is this dilemma? One despairs of giving a brief answer to this question, but it is the only kind of answer one can give here. The white man, both in Africa and in South Africa in particular, came in comparatively small numbers to a comparatively populous continent. There he established a new kind of society, like a European society in many ways, unlike it in many others. In this new society he was, by conquest or arrangement, the ruler and master; it was he who used in a Western way the raw materials and minerals of the continent; it was he who had the knowledge, who built the bridges, churches, schools, hospitals, prisons, and airports. With his power and resources, it was easy to rule over people who outnumbered him.

Now, as everyone knows, the continent is awakening; I mean the African people are awakening, the people who so far have accepted, because they had to or because they didn't care, the roles of servant, laborer, and voiceless subject. They want more opportunities, more rights, and a greater share of the wealth that the white man's knowledge and the black man's labor has been producing. They want in fact to develop, and to assume a more responsible role in the life of their country.

The white man in South Africa sees in these new desires a threat to

HAVE NO DOUBT IT IS FEAR *in the land. For what can men do when so many have grown lawless? Who can enjoy the lovely land, who can enjoy the seventy years, and the sun that pours down on the earth, when there is fear in the heart? Who can walk quietly in the shadow of the jacarandas, when their beauty is grown to danger? Who can lie peacefully abed, while the darkness holds some secret? What lovers can lie sweetly under the stars, when menace grows with the measure of their seclusion?*

There are voices crying what must be done, a hundred, a thousand voices. But what do they help if one seeks for counsel, for one cries this, and one cries that, and another cries something that is neither this nor that.

* * *

Yes, God save Africa, the beloved country. God save us from the deep depths of our sins. God save us from the fear that is afraid of justice. God save us from the fear that is afraid of men. God save us all.

—From "CRY, THE BELOVED COUNTRY," BY ALAN PATON.

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his society, to his supremacy and his way of life. If he yields to them, then he sees himself overwhelmed; if he does not yield to them, then he foresees a struggle of such intensity that no man could cheerfully contemplate it.

In such a dilemma, there are always two choices, and these are to go boldly along one or other of the two roads before one. The one choice is to open the doors of opportunity to those who knock, and to hope that the resultant loyalty to a common society will prevent the development of a white-black irreconcilability. The other choice is to maintain white supremacy at all costs, with whatever justice may be practicable or convenient.

The potential weaknesses of both these programs are apparent; the progressive opening of doors may fail to prevent the development of black domination, while the out-and-out assertion of white supremacy may lead to unrest and revolution.

THEREFORE still a third program is put forward, namely the gradual separation of the people of South Africa into two separate societies, the black society to have almost every conceivable benefit except that of sovereign independence. Thus it is hoped that on the one hand the dangers of a common society will be avoided, on

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The Black Man's Outlook

Z. K. MATTHEWS
is a distinguished leader of the people for whom he speaks. He teaches at Fort Hare University College, and is a member of the Executive Committee of the African National Congress.

IF IT IS to survive, the Union of South Africa must develop a social, economic, and political system that will do justice to the legitimate aspirations of all sections of its multi-racial population. What are its chances? What is the outlook for South Africa in the coming generation?

The answer depends to no small extent upon the view which one holds regarding the ultimate responsibility for a solution. Because the white minority of two and one-half million at present holds the reins of power, it is commonly maintained that this burden rests primarily on the white rulers of the country. This is largely the view of the whites themselves, including both the advocates and the opponents of the policy of apartheid, or separation, which has gained the ascendancy in the country.

Segregationists and anti-segregationists among the whites seem to be agreed that the white man alone can and must solve "the color question," which Prime Minister Daniel Malan has said is the "greatest and most urgent matter on which the election [of April 15, 1953] must hinge." For the segregationist, the matter is quite simple. In Dr. Malan's words: "There are only two directions in which a choice can be made. Equality, that is, the abolition of all color discrimination, or apartheid (separation) . . . which will grant all those on both sides of the color line their own free development and encouragement according to their capacity and their level of civilization. Between them there is no middle way."

The white anti-segregationist, on the other hand, has serious misgivings about this formulation of the South African dilemma. First, he knows that any state founded on a denial of equality to the majority of the population has at its very heart the seeds of its own destruction. Second, he knows that, however plausible it may sound, the theory that apartheid will grant "free development" on *both* sides of the

Passive Resisters—"no solution will succeed unless it takes account of the views of the non-whites . . ."

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color line is a piece of deception that deceives no one, least of all the people on whom this policy is imposed.

The white anti-segregationist sees that his segregationist countryman has assumed an uncompromising attitude and that there seems to be no possibility of a change of heart on his part. This inclines him to become pessimistic and to regard the whole situation as a drama in which the principal characters move irresistibly to a tragic denouement which they seem powerless to avoid. Whatever may be the cathartic effect upon those who look upon the South African drama in this way, the present writer is not satisfied that this is a fruitful approach to the matter.

THERE is still another approach which seems equally erroneous, and that is the approach of the incorrigible optimist who subscribes to the adage "alles sal reg kom"—"everything will turn out right." This is the person who, Micawber-like, expects something to turn up somehow which will miraculously make all the pieces of the South African jigsaw puzzle fit into their places. So he specializes in advising the victims of apartheid to be patient and to trust the white "friends" who by some sort of prevision have advance knowledge that things are bound to change for the better. This may be a relaxing attitude, but while there is no doubt a destiny which shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will, there is also something to be said for the view that faith without works is dead.

For my part, the crux of the matter can be quickly stated. It is that no solution of the South African problem, however enlightened or unenlightened, will ever be successful unless it takes account of the views of the non-whites of the country. South Africa is a country with a population of twelve million people, and not just two and one-half million whites. This may be an awkward fact to keep steadily in mind, but it just cannot be argued out of existence.

—*Wide World.*

Malan: "only two directions."

South African history has been full of attempts by the white man to proceed on the assumption that it is not necessary to take African views into account. Sometimes the view has been held that the Africans are a child race who do not really know what is good for them and whose interests can be left in the hands of their self-appointed white guardians. The emergence of any articulate opinion among Africans is discounted. African leaders have been called agitators or extremists for daring to suggest that their people have a stake in the land of their birth. Laws have been passed making it illegal for these "agitators" to utter any words or do anything that might "promote hostility" between black and white. A whole legal system has been created to make it "illegal" for Africans to promote their own rights and interests.

Yet attempts to silence African leaders cannot and have not resulted in the disappearance or any serious diminution of the African as a factor to be reckoned with in the situation. Those of us who have at various times been elected by the African people to express their views on matters affecting their welfare have tried to discharge our functions to the best of their ability. The function of an African leader, as I see it, is to put forward the views of the African not as the Government would like them to be but as they really are. It would be very easy to win the Government's applause by giving the assurance that all is lovely in the garden, that the African favors apartheid, or, to quote a recent newspaper report, that Africans are interested in "jobs, not politics," and that any trouble among Africans is due to the misguided efforts of a few intellectuals from the big cities. But none of these things would be true. A few Africans have reaped golden benefits from whispering these things into the ears of gullible whites, some in high places. This might deceive some Europeans; it only amuses Africans. Those Africans who are not prepared to sell their birthright have not and will not cease to state, without fear or favor, the short-term and long-term demands of their people.

The African has hitherto taken his stand on a policy of cooperation between black and white at all levels of our national life. He has rejected the notion that he has less claim to some areas of the country than he has to others. He maintains that what has been built in his land has been the result of joint efforts of black and white. However humble the contribution of the African may have been in certain directions, there can to his mind be no doubt that his contribution has been *indispensable*. But whatever the different stresses laid by European or African, the fact is that all we are and hope to be is a compound of the efforts of *all* sections of our population. To the African the policy of apartheid, or separation, or *non-cooperation,* flies in the face of the facts of our national life.

IT MAY be argued that even if the European were prepared to accept and put into practice the policy of cooperation, the African in the present state of his development would not be in a position to cooperate with the European on a basis of equality. Admittedly not every African is ready for this cooperation. But neither is every European. There is an increasing number of Africans in South Africa today who are more Westernized in the real sense of the term than many a European, just as there are Africans who may not for a long time be ready to participate intelligently in the business of modern government. But is there any sound reason why all Europeans should be lumped together as politically wise and all Africans as politically unintelligent? The unit of cooperation is the individual and the stress belongs on individual merit, not on any group's lack of merit.

It may be objected that such a policy might result in placing some Africans in positions of authority over some Europeans, violating the South African tradition that authority is the exclusive province of the white man. I can only say that as long as that tradition and attitude of mind prevails, we shall of course search in vain for peaceful and harmonious relations between black and white in South Africa.

As against apartheid or total segregation as proposed and practised by the Nationalists, the United Party (the principal opposition party) defines its racial policy under the term "trusteeship." This purports to be based on the principle that those who can stand on their own feet should exercise guardianship over those who cannot until the latter are able to stand by themselves on more or less equal terms. Properly understood, this

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Is the Gospel too Subversive for Africa?

Indian and Negro African students demonstrating in Johannesburg.

DARRELL RANDALL

went to Africa for the Board of Missions of the Methodist Church. He discusses the questions that emerge in Africa when African Christians take the Christian Gospel to mean what it says.

AN AFRICAN folk story in the Belgian Congo tells of a clearing that was made in the dense tropical forest. After the tall trees were felled and the brush was cleared away the ground was exposed to the sunlight, probably for the first time in many centuries. Soon some young green shoots appeared. Strange plants unfurled. Then a few days later lovely flowers bloomed. The people who had lived all their lives in that area had never before seen such beautiful flowers. No one knew how long the seeds had been in the soil. But when some things were cleared away and light was able to come, new things occurred which people had not dreamed were possible.

Young people in Africa are like these young green shoots. They are showing an ability to respond to education and new ideas from the outside world in ways which people did not dream possible. The average young person today in Africa has as much potential ability as the average young person in any other part of the world, if given an opportunity for development. This fact is leading to considerable distress as Africans begin to recognize it.

This is illustrated on the back of a truck which forms a speaker's platform in Johannesburg's Market Square. An enthusiastic young African attracts a large crowd of listeners. He speaks heatedly to the Sunday street crowd assembled under the midday sun.

". . . All men are created equal . . . with certain fundamental rights. . . . There shouldn't be any taxation without representation . . . We want a government of the people, by the people, and for the people!"

Amidst vigorous applause and cheers from the crowd, white people going by stop curiously to listen and shake their heads.

"The police ought to put this young 'agitator' out of the way. He must be a 'Communist' to speak like that."

An American among the spectators feels acutely uncomfortable. Wasn't this so-called "dangerous radical" echoing America's Declaration of Independence and other historic proclamations of peoples seeking greater freedom and independence?

This young African may have read a great deal more than his history books to get his ideas. He may have found them in the Atlantic Charter, the United Nations Charter, the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, and not least of all in the Scriptures of the Judeo-Christian faiths. The literature of the West is full of ideas which challenge the present practices of the regimes ruling much of Africa today. The freeing of India, Pakistan, Indonesia, and the Philippines in Asia since World War II have greatly accelerated the demands for self-government in Africa. News about the recent independence of Libya, advances in Egypt, the Gold Coast, and the Sudan fire the enthusiasm of young Africans elsewhere for political change.

It is not the "primitive" African, but the literate one, who stands speaking in the market square, at the bus stop, outside the railway station, or inside a church hall. It is the African with education who represents the threat to established regimes today.

HISTORICALLY, colonial governments did not take the initiative to provide education for the non-literate Africans. It was recognized that if people learned to read and write they would be less willing to remain under foreign colonial control. Plantation owners were generally not interested in education because they feared that educated workers would not remain on the plantations for only five or ten or fifteen cents a day cash wages. Business firms generally were not interested in too much education for Africans, thinking primarily of how increased taxes and demands for better working conditions would affect immediate business profits. Mine owners usually have not been in favor of education because they know that when people learn to read and get acquainted with what is happening elsewhere they will no longer be willing to work for twenty to forty cents per day cash wages as they do in some of the deepest mines in the world in Africa.

It remained for the Christian Churches to bring education to the Africans. An abundant literature has

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told the stories of how Christian pioneers—both Protestant and Catholic—have gone out into the far corners of the world with Biblical scriptures. Many whose interest is now being focused on efforts to understand Africa probably would not consider the Bible as "revolutionary literature." But a judgment concerning Africa which did not take into account the impact which religious teaching has brought to that continent could easily miscalculate the underlying forces now seeking expression throughout Africa.

For instance, nearly all of the Africans who have learned to read and write, especially south of the Sahara, have been educated in Christian mission schools. Familiarity with the struggles of Hebrews of the Old Testament, the outcries of the Prophets, and the teachings of Jesus of Nazareth and his followers—all of this provides a standard of comparison with existing conditions which leaves little doubt in the minds of sensitive Africans that things are not as they could be.

The teaching that every human being is important in the sight of God, "The Father of all mankind," and the building-up of hopes for a "heavenly relationship among mankind" provide a basis for a religious ethic that can shake the very foundation of the society around them. Even if they never get to read anything else, they have read enough to begin thinking of a new order—a new set of relationships by which people might live. This provides a basis for psychological rejection of any regime or order which does not fulfil it. People who go this far—and there are many in Africa—eventually reject the superstitious fatalism of the past and focus their hopes and attentions on the expectation of something better.

WHILE young Africans are learning to read, they are also being exposed to the influence of the outside world. Today, millions of young minds with hope and eagerness are opening the doors of knowledge, seeking skills, freedom in its best sense, and a *new* happiness. Knowing what exists, they feel they can no longer be happy with what they have had.

The high standard of living which they see white people enjoying around them arouses a new sense of need and a growing sense of *new poverty*. This is not like the traditional differential between "lords" and "serfs." Contentment with such differences was possible only because people believed themselves to be inferior to those above them. This has been the traditional view of subdued Africans. But

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With Schweitzer in Lambarene

No picture of the relationship between white man and black in Africa would be complete without reference to Dr. Albert Schweitzer, that great humanitarian who has labored for forty years to practise the Christian ideal in Africa as well as preach it. Dr. Schweitzer had already obtained world-wide distinction as a theologian, philosopher, and musician when in 1913 he opened a hospital in Lambarene, French Equatorial Africa, for the benefit of the natives in that area. Since that time the hospital has been his chief concern, although his other careers have, if anything, been enhanced through the years. Recently, Dr. Homer A. Jack, minister of the Unitarian Church of Evanston, Illinois, and editor of "The Wit and Wisdom of Gandhi," spent two weeks at Lambarene as a guest of Dr. Schweitzer. He reports here on a typical day at the hospital.

HOMER A. JACK

THE day starts early at Lambarene, with a 6:30 bell for the natives to begin work and with some staff members needed to supervise them. Before the 7:30 bell for breakfast, Dr. Schweitzer can often be heard practising in an alcove off his small study-bedroom. Here is the specially built piano, with pedal attachments, which the Paris Bach Society gave him in 1913. About 7:40 he comes into the dining room and joins other staff members around a long table for a simple breakfast. He has a large bowl of rice, a cup of warm milk, and several pieces of bread. The 8:00 bell for work sounds while he is still eating. Soon he goes out into the courtyard (between the dining room and his study) where natives slowly appear for the day's work.

About 100 natives work for the hospital, either as regular employees or as patients certified by the physicians as capable of work or as relatives of patients. Those who can are required to work to pay for their daily rations. One or two staff members call the roll while Dr. Schweitzer is often present to tell them where to work: to cut wood in the jungle, to pick grapefruit, to work in the ample vegetable gardens along the river, to gather palm nuts, to carry water, or to help with the new building. This assignment of work every day is not an easy task, and there is many an argument before the courtyard is cleared by 8:30.

During spring of this year, Dr. Schweitzer has had as a special project the construction of a new building for European staff members and any overload of European patients. Dr. Schweitzer takes great pride in designing and supervising all building done at the hospital, and this one is no exception. Although there is a foreman, Dr. Schweitzer tells each group of men working on the building what to do for the morning. This means supervising the carpenters, the painters, those on the rock-pile, etc. After about an hour or so of careful supervision, Dr. Schweitzer takes off his ankle-length blue apron and goes to his study. His morning may be further encroached upon by natives coming to him to settle a raucous palaver. Now and again he must answer the hospital "telephone"—little notes sent him by staff members to which he pencils short replies. At noon there is a lay-off for lunch and siesta, and he reappears at the construction. He returns to his study briefly to play the piano and then joins the staff for the 12:30 dinner.

THIS is the big meal at the hospital and the cuisine is excellent, with many tropical foods and some things imported from Europe or America. A typical meal may include slices of fresh papaya, baked plantain (oversized bananas), meat in season, vegetables and salad from the hospital gardens, and a dessert of fruit. Dr. Schweitzer eats several helpings of soya beans at each meal and always cuts off part of the bread and stuffs it in his pocket for the animals. (This is a common practice of staff members and usually all but the visitor goes out of the dining room with pockets or even a plate full of leavings for some favorite animals.) When, on rare occasions, a staff member leaves the hospital to return to Europe, the noon meal is the time for a short formal speech by Dr. Schweitzer. After the first course, he taps twice on the silver goblet (a gift from friends) beside his place, and arises and gives a short speech, which often brings the recipient to tears. Ordinarily, Dr. Schweitzer is expansive at meals and discusses all sorts of topics, especially with the visitor who is seated opposite *le grand docteur*—as the natives call him. After dinner, coffee is served, but usually Dr. Schweitzer does not tarry and retrieves his helmet above the piano and goes out.

Outside the double-screen door,

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waiting for this contemporary St. Francis, is a motley assortment of dogs, cats, goats, and geese. Calling them names, he feeds them one at a time with the bread he has saved from dinner. His favorite pet just now seems to be a tiny kitten, which laughingly he points out as "Miss Europe." After this session at the dining-room door, the animals follow him across the courtyard to the open-air cage where four or five of his pet antelopes are kept. He feeds them also, pats their noses, and then disappears into his study. He says that all staff members should take at least a three-quarter hour siesta until 2:00 P.M., but nobody seriously believes that he sets the example!

AT 2:00 P.M. the performance of the morning is repeated, with natives gathering outside *le grand docteur*'s study for the roll-call, usually doing the same tasks to which they were assigned in the morning. Dr. Schweitzer often inspects the progress of the new building at this time, too, and then returns to his study. If this is the afternoon that mail arrives or leaves, Dr. Schweitzer is especially busy, for he has a huge volume of mail to which he attends diligently. Especially the departure of mail is a big event; it comes only once or twice a week. Not only does Dr. Schweitzer have a wide correspondence with friends, but he paintakingly acknowledges, with the help of his staff, all contributions for the support of the hospital. Since it is his personal enterprise and not supported by any mission board or by the French Government, this alone is a formidable task. Americans often send contributions to the Albert Schweitzer Fellowship, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York 10, New Work.

The day's work stops around 5:00 P.M. for the lepers, who must get their medicines, and shortly thereafter for the other employees. Then, outside Dr. Schweitzer's study, is the picturesque if noisy half-hour when the daily rations are distributed: five or six plaintains, manoic, and often some rice, palm-nut oil, and soap. In the courtyard goats of all sizes, a young red African pig, and baby chicks mingle with the natives to give the scene a confused touch. At six o'clock, in the fast descending twilight—for the hospital is only forty miles south of the equator—Dr. Schweitzer often leaves his study with one antelope on leash. He gets a respite from the day's activities by sitting down on a concrete block and looking over the palms to the wide Ogowe River and toward the town of Lambarene around the bend beyond. Natives are crossing the river silently in their dug-out canoes. How often he has come up this broad river—and what thoughts must now pass through his head! But soon the malaria mosquitoes fly about and Dr. Schweitzer returns to his study with the antelope, and often there is more music before supper.

At 7 P.M. the gong sounds, and the over-burdened staff comes to table. When Dr. Schweitzer enters, they find their places, and after a blessing, the meal begins with the inevitable soup. After the plates have been cleared away, Mlle. Emma Haussknecht—one of Dr. Schweitzer's loyal and long-time assistants—passes out the hymn books and he leads a short worship service, during which he plays one hymn on the piano. After the Lord's Prayer, the group is dismissed. Some leave immediately and others go to one end of the dining room for cinnamon tea. Often Dr. Schweitzer remains for a while to discuss with the two staff physicians some problems of the day in the operation of the hospital.

This now is a large institution, with some 3,000 patients a year and about 300 resident lepers. Dr. Schweitzer no longer practises medicine in the hospital, but keeps up with every detail and is present at difficult diagnoses and operations.

Then, as the last person leaves the dining hall with lantern, Dr. Schweitzer once again can be heard practising in his study. To the visitor who is invited to sit on the narrow piano bench with Dr. Schweitzer and listen to him, it is an unforgettable experience. By the light of a tiny kerosene lamp this long-time interpreter (and biographer) of Bach plays over and over again a difficult passage, occasionally marking the notes with a pencil attached to a string. In the corner behind the bookcase is a large cage for two antelopes, and they rustle as he plays.

Sometimes a dog sleeps unconcernedly at his feet. After an hour or so at the piano, he blows out the light and sits down on the stool in front of his desk.

HERE, surrounded by pens, pencils, a calendar, a stray kitten or two, and stacks of unanswered letters, he works on into the night. Very often long after all staff members have retired and the natives have even stopped beating their tom-toms across the river, the flame of the lamp in Dr. Schweitzer's study still flickers.

Such is a day in the life of this energetic, yet simple man. His plans never cease. Not only are his many books constantly being reprinted in several languages, but he has other works in progress. A new series of recordings he made on the organ in his little church in Günsbach, Alsace, have already been released. He has plans for making improvements in the hospital, especially since the growth of the leper colony occasioned by new American drugs. Also he would very much like to visit America again when he can spare the time.

There is one thing for certain: Dr. Schweitzer will never retire, and he will end his tremendously versatile life in his beloved Lambarene.

Dr. Schweitzer spends a quiet hour with his friends.

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The Mau Mau

Crisis of Violence in Kenya

POLITICAL TERRORISM *has been a feature of the history of many lands, many cultures. It has arisen wherever peaceful methods of resolving social conflicts have either failed or been given no adequate opportunity to be tried. In Kenya, a British colony on the east coast of Africa, the "bottled-up" resentment of Africans over a long list of unameliorated grievances has exploded into violence. Europeans and Africans regarded as pro-European have been murdered. The British authorities have reacted with strong measures, for terrorism is a two-edged weapon. Any real attempt to come to grips with the problems of human relations in Kenya waits while the play and interplay of terror and counter-terror runs its course. Watched narrowly and with passion by both Africans and Europeans throughout the rest of Africa, the Kenya crisis seems to illustrate openly and violently the moods that are growing in many other lands that still appear on the surface to be serene. In these pages a Kenya-African explains the situation as he sees it, and a British Colonial official offers a different view. Between these two lies the outlook of the dominant white settler in Kenya who shares, in the main, the dilemma and the outlook of his fellow-European in South Africa.*

An African's View

GIKONYO WA KIANO

is a Kenya-African, a member of the Kikuyu tribe, who is now completing his graduate studies at Stanford University.

ABOUT 1900, Europeans began settling in what is now known as Kenya. The beauty and fertility of the highland region, with its temperate climate and rich soil, caused many a settler to think of the country as a sort of Shangri-la in the heart of Africa.

Today, Kenya is no longer a white man's Shangri-la. Three times since the end of World War II groups of Kenya-Africans have sworn to drive him out of the country. In 1947-48, Dini ya Msambwa (Cult of the Good Spirit) in Nyanza Province proclaimed its religious duty to save the black man from the white man's domination. Viewing the white settler as the great obstacle to African advance, this group's motto was "Let's Go Forward." Its leader, Elijah Masendi, told a mass meeting that the object would be to expel or do away with all the white men in the province. A clash with police followed, eleven were killed and thirty-two injured. Masendi was exiled.

At about the same time in Central Province, another group known as Watu wa Mungu (God's People), also known as Dini ya Jesu Kristo (Cult of Followers of Jesus Christ), was formed to end European rule "by washing our swords in white men's blood" if necessary. A white police officer who tried to disband a meeting of the cult was hacked to pieces. The movement was summarily suppressed.

Today we are hearing about Mau Mau and its sworn determination to drive the Europeans from Kenya. The situation now is such that no white man in the Kenya Highlands or in the cities dares pass a single minute without a pistol or gun at hand. Referring to the previous groups of this kind, a British official in Nairobi is said to have shrugged his shoulders, calling them "just a group of natives in a religious frenzy." Today the religious aspect of Mau Mau and the cultural matrix of the community from which it recruits its members have dominated efforts made to explain the nature of this organization.

But the "religious frenzy" theory or the contention that these groups spring essentially from some peculiar cultural mumbo-jumbo in the Kenya-African social system leaves unexplained the most pertinent aspects of the current crisis. These are: the attitude of the average Kenya-African toward the Europeans; his impression of what the Western world is trying to do in Africa; the degree of his determination to end European rule; the state of mind responsible for his current behavior; the sources of his discontent; the part played by the white man in precipitating the present situation. As a Kenya-African myself, I would like to explore some of these aspects of the crisis in my country.

A very wide gulf exists between the Kenya-African and the European in Kenya, whether he is an administrator or a settler. This is not simply a consequence of race prejudice. It is a result of widespread mistrust, resentment, discontent, and a generally negative attitude that the African has come to develop toward the white man, and the fears, insecurity, and racial attitudes that govern the white man's behavior toward the African.

FROM the beginning, relations between Africans and Europeans have been governed by the premise that the Western man has a superior religious and social philosophy, better understanding of human nature, and better means of utilizing natural resources. The African may concede the last part of this premise, but he rejects the rest of it. Yet it is with this premise in mind that the white man, if he is the humane type, treats the African as a child hardly capable of thinking for himself. If the white man is the not-so-humane type, he thinks of the African as a near savage whose "primitive" culture merits no more regard than museum pieces. In either case, the result is not the mutually respectful man-to-man relationship without which no two sets of people can properly get along.

These European attitudes, coupled with race discrimination, have made many Africans wonder just how long it is going to take the European to change, and more than a few Africans are coming to believe that the white man will not treat the African as an equal for the next century or two. Consequently, these Africans reason, the fastest way to solve this problem

Kenyatta—"more readily obeyed."

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of human relations is to eliminate its source by expelling the white man from the continent.

In Kenya, racial disharmony dominates politics, the distribution of land ownership, the administration of educational facilities, financial grants to school, and virtually every aspect of contact between Africans and Europeans. In politics, the split is apparent at first glance. In 1947 the then Colonial Secretary, A. Creech Jones, issued White Paper 191, which proposed that the European, Asian, and African races should each have equal representation in a new East African Central Assembly. Considering that Kenya has 30,000 Europeans, 100,000 Indians, and 5,500,000 Africans, this was still a long way from democratic equality. But the white settlers in Kenya so frantically harassed the Colonial Office with protests, that White Paper 191 was withdrawn and replaced by another (No. 210) which accepted the principle of majority representation for the whites.

The readiness of the Colonial Office to capitulate to the Europeans in Kenya made a deep impression on many Africans. The Kenya African Union, our principal political organization, had carried on a peaceful campaign, cabling its views to London, conferring with officials, sending a deputation to England. But it had failed and its peaceful approach was discredited. Still, the Kenya African Union, which has always fought for the African right to vote, addressed its appeal again to Colonial Secretary James Griffiths in 1950, when he visited Kenya. It demanded that Africans be allowed to vote for their representatives in the Kenya Legislative Council—they are now appointed—and renewed the demand for proportional or at least equal representation.

WHEN Mr. Griffiths issued his report in 1951, he announced that beginning in 1952 the number of African representatives would be increased from four to six, the Indians from five to six, and, in order to keep the ratios intact, the number of Europeans would be raised from eleven to fourteen! Moreover, the Africans would be appointed by the governor and not elected by their own constituents. The accompanying promise of further study and changes by 1956 did not ease African anger and disappointment.

More and more, the African is unwilling to compromise with inequality, and the peaceful methods of the Kenya African Union have, unfortunately, been discredited in the eyes of the people it seeks to serve. It is no wonder, therefore, that other groups, like Mau Mau, should pose as more effec-

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An Englishman's View

HAROLD INGRAMS

gives the view of a British Colonial Officer of long experience in Africa.

MAU MAU and its significance is a thing which all thoughtful people who desire the peaceful progress of humanity must study. It must be studied as a symptom of the human problems arising from the impact of the West on Africa, but it must be studied against the background of the achievement of the last fifty years and the great good which that has brought to a vast section of the human race.

Actually, of course, Mau Mau affects only one country in Africa, the colony of Kenya, and it by no means affects all of that. The African population of Kenya numbers about 5,251,000. They belong to about eighty different tribes, each with their own language and deriving from several racial stocks as different, say, as the Latins and the Slavs. Mau Mau infects practically only one of these tribes, the Kikuyu, which is of Bantu stock. It is the largest tribe in Kenya, numbering about 1,026,000, a fifth of the total African population. The proportion of the tribe affected is comparatively small and there has been a growing resistance to Mau Mau among the Kikuyu themselves.

It presents, however, a serious challenge to law, order, and progress, and the first duty of Government is, of course, to restore law and order, to apprehend and punish those guilty of the many and beastly crimes committed by the Mau Mau against their fellow tribesmen and others alike and of organizing the Mau Mau movement itself. Only then can progress towards political advancement and interracial cooperation be resumed.

What is Mau Mau, and whence does it derive? There is no doubt that the driving force behind the movement is xenophobia—fear of foreigners—being used by ambitious power seekers for their own ends.

Antagonism to foreigners, is, of course, not peculiar to Kenya or the African continent. It has arisen almost everywhere the energetic European with his positive constructive ideas has penetrated amongst less materially advanced people. He has brought immense good and advancement to such people, but where he has been in a position to enforce his will he has almost inevitably failed to understand and to make adequate allowance for such things as their social organization or religious beliefs. In time this has often led to misunderstanding and then to xenophobia, and finally to passive or even active antagonism.

A major source of misunderstanding in Kenya has been the question of land, and it is important to get the connection clear. On the one hand Kikuyu say, "Give us back the land you have stolen from us"; on the other settlers say, "It never was your land." Both are saying something which in all good faith they believe to be true. The fact is that in the early days the situation was not apparent; a mistake was made over Kikuyu land, and in this lies much of the tragedy of Kenya.

FIRST of all, however, it must be understood that *most* of the land which was given to the settlers was not Kikuyu land at all. It was land suitable for arable farming over which the famous Nilotic warrior and pastoral tribe called the Masai used to rove with their herds. The Masai were given elsewhere, under treaty, over 15,000 square miles of territory

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which was as suitable for cattle, but less suitable for European farming, and the Europeans moved in where they had been. This land had never been occupied by the Kikuyu. The White Highlands covers 16,700 square miles including 4,000 square miles of forest reserve, and of this only 109.50 was adjudged to have been in undisputed Kikuyu possession, and was paid for about twenty years ago.

WHAT happened in the case of the Kikuyu was this. The birth of the Kikuyu tribe probably took place some 700 or 800 years ago in what is now the Fort Hall district, some miles north-east of Nairobi. By the end of the sixteenth century they had so increased that they had to find fresh land, and they did this by a movement southward across the Chania river into the present Kiambu district on to land occupied by a hunting tribe called the Wanderobo and northwards into the then practically unoccupied forested area now called Nyeri round the foothills of Mount Kenya.

By Kikuyu religious belief (and this, of course has a bearing on the way they think about the land question today), land occupied and owned by other people cannot be acquired simply by conquest. Law and custom does not allow it, for the spirits of the owners would make it impossible for the new occupier to cultivate with any hope of success or with any hope of the blessing of their God.

So a new system of land acquisition was evolved, the manner of its evolution being governed by religious sanctions. Owing to their strength the Kikuyu could have wrested the land from the Wanderobo, but religious belief entailed their proceeding in a way which did not offend the Kikuyu conscience and was therefore of necessity acceptable to the Wanderobo.

It was not a thing rudely undertaken in ignorance and did violence to no man's moral outlook. The land was purchased in a manner which entailed not only agreement of the vendor but the mutual adoption of the buying and selling families. If this adoption was not accepted by the Wanderobo family, the Kikuyu family broke off the negotiation, but to a growing extent the new system was accepted and the boundaries of the land transferred marked in solemn religious ceremonies designed to impress them on the memories of all the witnesses present.

And so the natural increase of the Kikuyu continued peacefully through the centuries with their boundaries expanding by lawful means as need arose. Early travelers through Kikuyu land used such terms to describe it as "as far as the eye could see it was one vast garden." It had been developed by the businesslike Kikuyu in this manner in order to serve the profitable purpose of being the granary of the caravans which passed up and down to Uganda. It was an oasis of peaceful cultivation in a troubled country, and that was why it prospered as a granary. There was only a narrow strip of forest between it and the lands of the Masai, and in the forest were the Kikuyu fortified villages for the protection of their lands.

TOWARDS the end of the nineteenth century, however, four disasters overtook the prosperous tribe. They were ravaged by smallpox, rinderpest, drought, and locusts. Their activities were thus greatly contracted and they fell back on their core, leaving of necessity much land vacant—though, of course, not ownerless. As land does in the tropics, it quickly reverted to bush, and thus the first settlers believed it unoccupied. Furthermore, the Bantu were believed not to hold land as property, and, in short, this temporarily deserted land was alienated.

It is in this that much of the tragedy lies. Had the Europeans come even ten or twenty years earlier, the land in Kiambu, Kabete, and Limuru would have been seen to be occupied and would never have been alienated. Now amongst the benefits which civilization has brought are improvement of health and hygiene, banishment of famine, and freedom from fear of slave raiders and tribal wars.

All these have meant the Kikuyu have increased, and—having regard particularly to their uneconomic use of lands—there is now a serious land hunger which could not possibly be relieved even if it were possible or sen-

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—*Wide World.*

—*United Press.*

Terror is a two-edged weapon: A Mau Mau arrested, and a native hut burned in one of the Mau Mau raids.

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Self-Government on Trial

EDWARD W. BLYDEN III
comes from Sierra Leone, one of Britain's West African colonies, where progressive reforms are underway. He is completing a doctoral thesis in international relations at Harvard.

IN contrast to almost every other part of Africa, British West Africa is actually on the way to self-government and independence. This region, whose history of contact with Europe in modern times goes back to the time of Columbus and which today is as important to the "free world" as the Ruhr or Iran, is a unique area of hopefulness and progress.

The greatest political advances have so far been made in the Gold Coast, a country with an estimated population of 5,000,000. Its people are among the proudest and most valiant in all Africa, and it is perhaps not without significance that Britain's wars against the Ashanti in the last century were among the hardest-fought wars of conquest in the history of modern Africa.

Today in the Gold Coast, thanks to a combination of strong popular pressure and British flexibility in colonial policy, there exists an all-African Government under American-educated Kwame Nkrumah, leader of the Convention People's Party and first African prime minister in the British Empire. Except for the departments of law, finance, and defense, the cabinet is all African, and the legislature is overwhelmingly made up of elected African representatives. The transfer of the remaining "reserved" powers still held by Britons is now regarded as virtually certain.

Nigeria, with an estimated population of 24,000,000, and Sierra Leone, 2,000,000, are now functioning under constitutional systems which fall far short both of the Gold Coast pattern and of the local popular demand. But they do provide for large-scale African participation in all echelons of Government and are understood to be "logical steps" on the road to complete responsible self-government, either within the Commonwealth or on a completely independent basis.

There is much that could and should be said about these West African experiments in peaceful progress. That gains have been made does not mean that all is well or that everyone is satisfied or happy over the existing state of affairs or that there are not grave and complicated problems to be solved.

But for these present purposes, and especially in the light of the situation elsewhere in Africa, two positive factors should be stressed. The first is that in these West African countries Africans are disposing once and for all of the hoary argument about African "unreadiness" or "inability" to run their own affairs. They are showing that all they need to do is win the opportunity for themselves and then, by inevitable trial and error and effort, to go ahead with the learning process, that is, to learn by doing.

The second is that the opening of this road of development for Africans has also shown that where Europeans show a readiness to cooperate, and once Africans are satisfied that they are moving in a desired direction, the sharp edges of race feeling and race conflict are blunted. In West Africa we have been fortunate enough not to have the settlement of large white populations, such as there are in East and Central and South Africa. This has largely freed us of the so-called "race problem" as it exists in those countries. But we have had for generations the problem of coping with the "superior" attitudes of Europeans and instances are not lacking even today where a European, in the nineteenth-century manner, tries to "lord" it over Africans in the spirit of Aryan superiority. The struggle of West Africans to win recognition of their rights had begun to generate the bitterness and hate that goes with race conflict. With the breaking down of the barriers on our road to self-rule, this has been in large degree dissipated. The experiment in the Gold Coast where European secretaries work under African ministers is being watched with the utmost attention and the signs are that, whatever the rough spots, they are showing that Europeans and Africans can work together in this relationship for the common good of the country and the Commonwealth, to which, incidentally, there is ample evidence that West Africans are ready to belong.

THIS demonstration of better race relations in West Africa makes us all the more sensitive to developments elsewhere in Africa of an opposite character. Our press is intensely interested in events in North Africa, in Kenya, in the Union of South Africa. And because the white man clearly shows in those places his determination to be supreme, our political vocabulary still stresses the ideas and attitudes involved in the terms "imperialism," "racism," "colonialism," "capitalism," "exploitation," and so on. We still think that the white man's slogan is, as the Liberians put it, "the three G's—get, grab, and go"—except that in so much of Africa the white man does not appear too keen to go after he's grabbed what he wanted.

In our own countries, meanwhile, we face a welter of problems derived not only from our relations with Europeans but from linguistic, religious, economic, social, and tribal differences among ourselves. In every West African country there is a predonderance of non-Christians and Moslems. In West Africa as a whole, including the French territories, the population of about 60,000,000 speaks a hundred or more languages or dialects. A variety of European cultural stereotypes have been superimposed, moreover, upon the various native African social fabrics. In some spheres they have entrenched themselves so deeply that the terms "French African" and "British African" are frequently heard. This pattern tends to widen still further the already wide cleavages among the different African peoples of the region. Social barriers of "class" have developed around the concepts of "high" (meaning foreign) educational opportunity and wealth. Psychological and cultural differences abound between the so-called "civi-

(*Continued on page* 40)

—*Wide World.*

Nkrumah: first African prime minister.

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The Saturday Review

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The World's Bell Tolls

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This week's guest editorial is by Emory Ross, who has just retired after years of service as secretary of the Africa Committee, Division of Foreign Missions of the National Council of the Churches of Christ in the U.S.A.*

WHO remembers America's first relationship to Africa—the slave trade? Africa had long known slavery, as did almost all primal societies, but the West commercialized the slave trade, internationalized it, made it big business. Whole tribes were decimated, thousands died, but the delivery of live bodies mounted, profits mounted, cotton expanded. How much of the master-slave complex persists in America's thinking about Africa today?

Then Africa was "opened" by Livingstone, Stanley, others. Our second major "traffic" with Africa started swiftly expanding—Christian missions. For a century missionary propaganda about Africa has been the most widespread, the most heeded in America. Church women especially responded and children have given their pennies. How does this affect our thinking about Africa? Do we tend to assume that we have all the spiritual and material contributions to give and Africa none?

Our commercial traffic with Africa started late and is still relatively small. Only in the last few years has expansion taken place, but taken in terms of our total economy the stake is small and Americans doing business in Africa are still few. Does this make Africa seem unimportant?

Our academic interest in Africa has, also only recently, begun to grow, but it is still tiny. The fact is that we have almost no specialists on African political and economic matters who are also competent in understanding the whole of African life and of grasping the sense of the tremendous and speedy changes taking place there. And very few specialists appear to be in the making.

For at least forty years—say, from the time of Theodore Roosevelt's big-game hunting expedition in 1909-10—most American concepts about Africa have had to do with the wild animal, pigmy, driver ant, saucer-lipped Ubangi women, poisoned arrows, primeval forests, roaring cataract, termite, Alan Quatermain, Tarzan. Our modern visual media reinforce these associations. "King Solomon's Mines" and "The African Queen" reach many more million people than "Cry, the Beloved Country." What does *this* mean in our relationship with Africa?

Despite all the gloomy answers these questions suggest, the fact is that we are now heavily involved in Africa. Politically and strategically, we cannot escape it. From Suez to Simonstown, from Monrovia Harbor to Kenya, we are tied in to almost everything that is happening there. Before we fully master the meaning of *apartheid,* or even learn to pronounce it, we are faced by Mau Mau on the front page.

The fact is, further, that our lack of knowledge and contact on the one hand and our close and vital relationship with Europe, the master of Africa, on the other, lead us to view Africa primarily through European eyes. This is leading us to act in Africa on the basis of European interests. This is damaging for Africans, Europeans, and Americans. Our most urgent need is to see more clearly where the best interests of both Europeans and Africans really lie and to base our action on them. The fact is that no real effort is being made to discover what these interests are, where they lie, and what we can do about them.

A STATE Department Point Four official has publicly said: "Africa today is to Western Europe what the West was to the United States in the early days of American history." For Africans, this is precisely the rub. They know that Europeans still think of Africa as an area for European expansion. If they now are led to believe that this is also the American view, the inevitable result will be a build up of resentment, resistance, and rebellion.

The truth is that Africa presents us with another major test of our professed beliefs and principles. Once again, we have a chance to act as though democracy and Christianity were operative principles in our national life and not merely phrases to be repeated on suitable occasions. I believe that the uncertainty, insecurity, and fear of masses of Americans derive from the difficulties and failures of making our Hebraic-Christian religion work effectively even in our own highly favored society. This failure communicates itself to all our pressing new world problems, of which Africa is becoming one of the greatest. Until we overcome it our danger is real, and our weakness is seen from afar.

Many thousands of Africans are still looking eagerly and hopefully to the democratic West for cooperation in the solution of our common problems. And this means primarily that they are looking to the United States. The question is whether we are even aware of their hopes and of the role we can play in helping to bring them to fruition. Our government is busy trying to put out all sort of fires in the world. These fires are burning in large part because we delayed too long in removing the plain dangers of combustion. Perhaps these lessons have been learned. Perhaps we can still hope to give more basic and direct consideration to African problems than has been given until now. This special issue of *The Saturday Review* reflects the growing concern of intelligent Americans about Africa. One can only hope this concern can produce the kind of action that is so urgently needed if Africa and America and Europe are to achieve true partnership in creating a truly free world.

—EMORY ROSS.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

WNWD, CONT.

▶ I HAVE READ Mr. Carlton Wells's review of "Webster's New World Dictionary," College Edition [*SR* Mar. 21] and I have attempted an analysis of his comments to appraise the validity of his conclusion.

Mr. Wells says it is "not as new as it claims." We have claimed that it is the newest dictionary on the market, which it surely is, even using the 1951 Encyclopedic Edition as its base. Mr. Wells himself acknowledges our inclusion of "many current terms . . . most of them not in other desk dictionaries," and further grudgingly admits that our large numbers of colloquial and slang terms give this dictionary "a certain further claim to 'most modern.'"

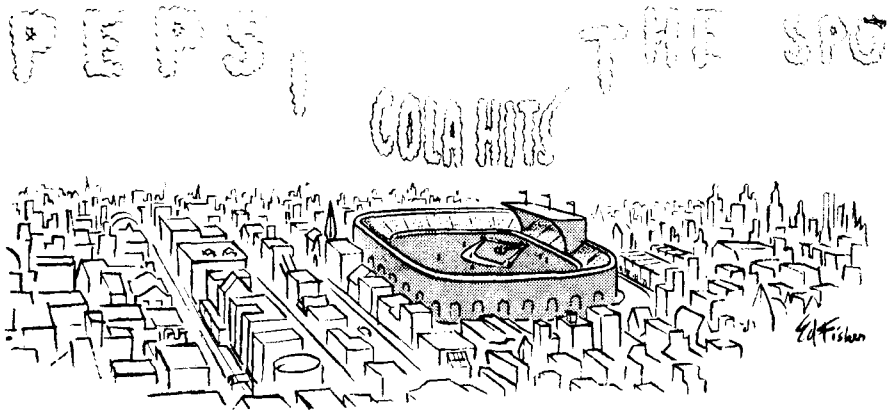
Next, Mr. Wells speaks of certain "omissions." Any thoughtful and responsible critic of a desk dictionary surely recognizes that in a volume of 142,000 vocabulary entries there will be "omissions," and he knows, too, that no two dictionary staffs will ever agree on just which borderline entries will be included and which omitted. Certainly, with biographical entries, he knows that a line must be drawn. If you include Gene Tunney, why not Henry Armstrong, or Barney Ross, and so on, ad infinitum.

In this respect, Mr. Wells mentions twelve personalities "omitted" from our College Edition. He holds up two other dictionaries as apparently satisfactory desk dictionaries. An examination reveals that nine of these twelve personalities are omitted from one of these dictionaries, and eight are missing from the other. And, of course, our dictionary includes many, such as Robert Hillyer, Dr. Selman Waksman, Amedeo Modigliani, James Jeffries, to mention a few, not to be found in either of the other two volumes.

Mr. Wells comments on other "disturbingly frequent omissions" and cites eleven examples. One is the word *draftee*. Mr. Wells is in error. *Draftee* appears in clear, legible, 7-point type on page 439. Incidentally, it appears only as an undefined run-on in one of the two dictionaries favored by Mr. Wells. And of the eleven, nine are missing from each of the other two. It would seem that all three staffs unanimously disagree with Mr. Wells on the importance or significance of these entires. Mr. Wells further admits that our dictionary contains "10,000 or so additional entry words."

Mr. Wells concludes that this dictionary is not up to college standards, but fails to define those standards. He complains that it is not as new as it claims, but admits it is the most modern. He cites omissions, but acknowledges the inclusion of 10,000 additional entry words.

What, then are his standards? Fullness of etymology? Mr. Wells says we have "fuller etymologies." Linguistic approach? He commends our dictionary for being "modern in its concern with linguistic science." Lucidity of definition? Mr. Wells acknowledges it as "modern in its praiseworthy efforts to write clearer definitions."



It is puzzling to find an academically minded person complaining of "crowding" in scholarship, or of regarding two, or even four, as a crowd. Mr. Wells says that "to claim that etymologies can illuminate 'the semantic flow' of meaning is pedantic traditionalism." Since it has never been attempted in this manner, it cannot be held to be "traditionalism." Others, teachers and undergraduates, have not found it pedantic.

Mr. Wells thinks it is reprehensible to list four spellings for *Shakespeare* and an alternative variant for *develop*, but he doesn't say why. He omits to quote the entire usage note for ain't. He condemns us for the "dubious practice" of omitting field labels, yet there are more than 10,000 labels scattered throughout the entries. Page 1534, for example, has eighteen such labels, ranging from *acoustics* to *physiology*.

It would seem that whatever the "standards" set by Mr. Wells, "Webster's New World Dictionary of the American Language," College Edition, meets and exceeds them. To put a dictionary to the test of meeting standards requires an unbiased approach and thorough study.

DAVID B. GURALNIK.
The World Publishing Co.

Cleveland, O.

REPLY

SEVERAL OF MR. GURALNIK'S points I have already answered in my reply [*SR* April 25] to Mr. S. Stephenson Smith: on *ain't*, mis-labelled "colloquial" in "Webster's New World Dictionary"; on its persistent inaccuracies of definitions, as in the sciences; on its wastefully long and traditionally misplaced "fuller etymologies"; on its pedantic use of the historical order for definitions instead of on the basis of frequency-of-occurrence; and on numerous erratic inclusions and omissions. And as for "unbiased approach" and "thorough study" in reviewing the WNWD, does Mr. Guralnik object to my reliance on reports by thirty professor-specialists?

Mr. Guralnik asks for standards. I tested his dictionary by the standards set forth in the article I wrote some time ago on desk dictionaries [*SR* Jan. 24, 1948]:

> A desk dictionary must be really up-to-date in its coverage.
>
> It must be clear, accurate, authoritative, and free from mere traditionalism and from editorial crotchets. It must be easy to find things in, well printed, suitably illustrated. . . .

Only a careless or casuistical misreading of my review [*SR* Mar. 21] could lead anyone to conclude that the WNWD "meets and exceeds" such standards. For one thing, WNWD presumably had a four-to-six-years advantage in *recency* over the two chief desk dictionaries in the field. Yet it carries such glaringly inaccurate, out-of-date entries as the one on Korea (WNWD. 1951),

> . . . a country . . . east [sic] of Japan. . . . Since 1945 [sic] divided into two republics, each claiming suzerainty [sic] over all Korea—

which re-appears virtually unaltered, in the 1953 WNWD. Oddly enough, the Korean entry *was* corrected to read "*west* of Japan"; but the other two errors remain—and the Korean War still goes unrecorded. Similarly, in the entry for Douglas MacArthur, the General "faded away" in 1945. In fact, not one entry in the 1953 WNWD hints that the Korean War (which started in June 1950) has any reality for the United States—no entry for *Pusan, Inchon, Panmunjom, Syngman Rhee, General Ridgway, General Mark Clark, MIG, sabre jet*.

More serious—because more pervasive and less easily checked by average users of the dictionary—are WNWD's generally somewhat less accurate and less satisfactory definitions than those in "The American College Dictionary" or "Webster's Collegiate," as reported by thirty professor-specialists in departments ranging from anthropology, botany, etc. to zoology. Likewise, the often inferior illustrations and spot maps, certain encyclopedic features, and the fine-print running key for pronunciation do not measure up to really modern desk-dictionary standards.

CARLTON F. WELLS

Ann Arbor, Mich.

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A Union Divided

EUGENE P. DVORIN,
of the political science department of the University of California at Los Angeles, reviews three books examining "the South African problem" written by prominent South Africans.

JUST prior to the turn of the century James Bryce was led to remark in his "Impressions of South Africa": "No traveler can study the color problem in South Africa without anxiety—anxiety not for the present but for the future, in which the seeds that are now being sown will have sprung up and grown to maturity." He then predicted a grave and perilous crisis for the white and black races to come sometime in the twenty-first century when the contented acquiescence of the colored races in the dominance of the small white population will have vanished.

His concern for the far distant future was not typical of South Africa at that time, however. Most persons were occupied with the more pressing everyday problems emerging from the impact of European institutions upon the natives' communal tribal life and organization, the growing Anglo-Boer schism within the white community, and the common necessity of making a living within South Africa's unusually harsh physical environment. Today, little over fifty years later, South Africa's color problem—the most complex on earth—and the future it portends, not only occupy the attention of all South Africans but that of countless anxious persons in other lands.

Not since the days of the Anglo-Boer War has the reading public witnessed anything approaching the present output of literature concerning that troubled nation's deeply-rooted internal conflicts. Seemingly every traveler to South Africa ultimately pens at least one manuscript relating his experiences, observations, and conclusions. Since the time actually spent in South Africa is sometimes limited to a few weeks, the results are often superficial or worse.

The true nature of the problems involved in the mounting social unrest, therefore, becomes evident to the general reader only if he is able to wade through the sea of printed matter and choose discriminately the worthwhile tracts. Jan H. Hofmeyr's "South Africa" (McGraw-Hill, $3.75), Leo Marquard's "The Peoples and Policies of South Africa" (Oxford, $3.50) and E. S. Sachs's "The Choice Before South Africa" (Philosophical Library, $5.75), all the work of prominent South Africans, are worthwhile and provide a valuable starting point for an examination of the South African problem.

J. P. Cope is to be commended for his revision and editing of the original Hofmeyr volume which appeared in 1931. By adding several chapters he has brought the words of South Africa's greatest Liberal spokesman, who died in 1948, into synchronization with contemporary events. The works of both Hofmeyr and Marquard provide rich historical background to current events in the Union. Well over one-half of Hofmeyr's "South Africa" deals with purely historical data; while Marquard has judiciously distilled much the same material into one-fifth the space. Any reader attempting to ignore South Africa's past while in a hurry to dwell upon the present is depriving himself of pleas urable hours.

The history of South Africa is a fascinating and colorful a story as ca be imagined. The daring sea rovers c the mid-seventeenth century, sailin virtually uncharted seas to trade wit the Eastern world, forgot their hard ships when they put into the sma settlement of Cape Town—the Tav ern of the Seas—the halfway victu aling and refreshment station betwee the West and the East. Wanderin bands of natives from the heart of th Dark Continent were migrating south ward seeking game, new land, an other tribes to fight. With the im portation of slaves from other part of Africa and the later influx of Chi nese coolies and East Indians to wor the mines of the Witwatersrand an the plantations of Natal, South Afric became a tangled skein of divers races. The threads, however, were nc destined to be woven into a harmoni ous pattern. The pragmatism of th hearty Dutch frontiersman collide with the idealism of the Englis Emancipation movement which wa nurtured in the Cape. The conflict be tween the two philosophies forced th Dutchman to preserve his individu alism elsewhere. With his family i the ox-wagon, his long rifle at his sid and the Bible in his hand, the *Voor trekker* retreated into the unknow and hostile interior. The battle Blood River between the *Trekker* and Zulus, the bravery and sacrifice in the Anglo-Boer War, and the ten sions and suspicions behind the ever tual coalescing of four colonies int a single nation in 1909 provide chronicle of the past not easily for gotten by the reader.

IN one sense the title "Union South Africa" is a misnomer, for, a Marquard points out, it is in realit a house divided against itself. "Ther is no single instance where the popu lation of South Africa has been unite during a crisis." It remains for M Sachs, in "The Choice Before Sout Africa," to plunge most deeply int the contemporary discord. With harc ly an eye to the past he casts a pow erful gaze upon the immediate pos war years. He analyzes the factors be hind the progressive decline of rac relationships within the Union sinc 1948. Sachs deplores South Africa being "held abroad in the same spir of contempt and hatred as Nazi Ger many." This is not the work of a ma seeking to impress the reader by h objectivity. He seeks to argue his ca against the Malan Government ar the principles for which it stands be fore the bar of public opinion. As hea of the South African Garment Work ers Union, a strong political force

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itself, Sachs has, for years, been a prime target of the conservative element in South African politics. He has been prosecuted under the Government's Suppression of Communism Act. His book is as much a story of the author's own life, that portion of it spent dodging political brickbats, testifying before legislative and administrative commissions of inquiry, and defending his rights before the courts, as it is a story of South Africa itself. Unlike Hofmeyr and Marquard, Sachs directs his book to his fellow South Africans rather than to readers abroad. As a result he has been able to eliminate what the others, of necessity, must include in order to introduce the overseas reader to South Africa. What emerges is a compact condemnation of racial policy which has been based upon the concept of the "black menace," and a first-class analysis of South Africa's economic ills. The true issues as Mr. Sachs sees them are not racial but economic in essence.

THE inevitable question arises as to the role of the natives in relation to the industrial complex of South Africa. Are the natives to be politically, socially, and economically tied in with the reserve system and its agricultural-pastoral economy; or are they to be oriented to the role, which they are assuming in large numbers, of a permanent, even necessary, urban proletariat? The native reserves, some large and others very small, are scattered throughout the Union. As a group they are overcrowded and not very productive. They serve roughly the same functions as our Indian reservations. The native population (nine million) overwhelms the other races (European—two and one-third million; colored or "mixed"—one million; Asiatics—300,000) in the Union. Considering the fact that nearly one-half the native population lives in the reserves they assume great importance in any discussion of South Africa's future.

Marquard suggests a progressive and rationally conducted process of "de-reservation" which would benefit the national economy and natives alike. It would, he asserts, have to include the gradual extension of political and civil rights to natives. Hofmeyr would encourage distinctive development of tribal life "where yet it is possible" while admitting that the urban native has come to stay. The native in the industrial system, however, cannot be allowed "to remain an inefficient, jog-trot worker, without any stimulus to his ambition to raise himself." Sachs looks forward to the raising of the productive level in the reserves by the introduction of light secondary industry, which would not compete with the more highly developed urban industrial centers but would meet local needs. Hand-in-hand with this development would be the application of modern agricultural methods. Those natives in the urban areas "must be accorded the fullest rights and opportunities of development as free citizens." The three authors, while presenting significant contrasts regarding utilization of the reserves, reveal generally a common front on the issue of extension of civil rights to non-Europeans.

It must be kept in mind that these books represent a cross-section of South African Liberal thought which is not characteristic of most Europeans in the Union. Indeed, in view of the Mau Mau outbreaks in Kenya and the widespread passive resistance movement by non-Europeans in South Africa such Liberalism may be increasingly put on the defensive by those who see a need for tighter race restrictions. That segment of the white community which seeks a solution to the color problem through the gradual uplifting of the non-Europeans both economically and politically undercuts to some extent the portenders of doom who voice only catastrophe as South Africa's future.

Hofmeyr stresses South Africa's potential role as transmitter of the gifts of science to all Africa. "In large measure Africa will be what its scientists and technical men make of it—it is in the laboratory of the research-worker and at the desk of the engineer that many of the problems which presently challenge African statesmanship will find solution." Concluding the finest volume of its kind by a South African in recent years, Marquard, also looking beyond the Union, predicts that once South Africa sees her colonial subjects as future partners her moral authority throughout Africa will be immense and both black and white citizens will make it the leader of the African community of states.

This reviewer fervently hopes, like all friends of South Africa, that Bryce's formula, stated in 1897, for avoiding race conflict has not been outdated. Simple and profound, it is "tact, coolness, and patience—above all, patience."

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

SHAKESPEAREAN PAPERWORK

There's a lot of reading, out loud, from letters and other documents in Shakespeare, and Evelyn Harman of Washington, D.C., has selected ten extracts from this wealth of filing material which she asks you to assign to the proper play. Six correct answers will qualify you as a typist, seven as expert stenographer, and eight or better as office manager. Answers on page 28.

1. "Item, if any man be seen to talk with a woman within the term of three years, he shall endure such public shame as the rest of the court can possibly devise."
2. "I am ill at these numbers; I have not art to reckon my groans; but that I love thee best, O most best, believe it."
3. "My estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit; and since, in paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleared between you and I, if I might but see you at my death."
4. "If our father would sleep till I waked him, you should enjoy half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your brother."
5. "Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered."
6. "This have I thought good to deliver to thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou mightest not lose the dues of rejoicing by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee."
7. "You are not young, no more am I; go to, then, there's sympathy. You are merry, so am I; ha! ha! then there's more sympathy. You love sack, and so do I; would you desire better sympathy?"
8. "Let me have Claudio's head sent me by five. Let this be duly performed, with a thought that more depends on it than we must yet deliver."
9. "Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,
   Gives her fame which never dies.
   So the life that died with shame
   Lives in death with glorious fame."
10. "If thou beest not immortal, look about you. Security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee!"

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The Long Road to Freedom

RODERICK PEATTIE,
professor of geography at Ohio State University and author of "Struggle on the Veld," reviews EUGENE P. DVORIN'S "RACIAL SEPARATION IN SOUTH AFRICA."

EUGENE DVORIN's study of the theory of apartheid (pronounced a-part-heid), "Racial Separation in South Africa" (University of Chicago Press, $4.50), is most timely because it deals with the chief issue of the recent election: whether the people of South Africa have supported his drastic interpretations of the idea of a complete separateness of black and white or whether the "liberal" conservatives have repudiated him. By "liberal" conservatives is meant the people who talk in a liberal fashion until the question of color bar is brought up when they forget all humane tendencies. Indeed, Mr. Dvorin goes to considerable length to classify all political ideas in South Africa as conservative and I, after a year in Johannesburg, recognize their position under the historical circumstances as being almost an inevitable one.

Mr. Dvorin's book is an excellent historical, ideological, religious, demographic, ecological, and political study of the background and present emergence of the apartheid theory. But, in truth, the author has difficulty in defining the term, for it is found in no dictionary and has a variety of meanings according to the whims of the user. Actually, it has so many meanings that it should hardly be dignified among the established political theories of the world. But Mr. Dvorin has given us an objective study of its rise, and the forces that shape the ill-defined racial theory. Strangely enough he includes the un-Christian role of the Dutch Reformed Church.

Until one realizes the firm connection between politics and religion in the Union this role is difficult to believe. He then proceeds to analyze the historical relations of the whites and the blacks and also with the Colored peoples of the Cape Province and the Indians of Natal. The chapters on political theory and the conclusion are excellent.

But there are adverse comments which should be made to this otherwise worthwhile treatise. The book does what it sets out to do, to present "a calm and objective study of a problem which threatens to arouse the passions of the world." Dvorin is well versed in writing in the academic spirit and he presents a well-documented book, but one wishes he were not so cold and impersonal about a question that may "arouse the passions of the world." And in his conclusion one looks in vain for a prophecy into the future. As an academician, I admire his ability to repress his personal belief, but as an interested reader, I should like an expression of his own beliefs. The book is too academic to be literature.

IN reading many books on the turmoil found in Africa south of the Sahara you may classify them in two groups: those that are written from the imperialistic point of view and deal only with the action of the European invaders; and those that pay at least light attention to the interest of the native African. Of the latter group there are a considerable number that are written by Africans. But in the list of numerous references given by the author he neglects entirely the Bantu press. His volume is of the first type. I remember only one reference to a Bantu objection to apartheid in the volume, yet riots occur frequently.

Also, even among South Africans there are those who recognize a growing intelligence and a political maturity on the part of the Bantu, the Colored, and the Indians. They are demanding a part in determining their own destiny. Mr. Dvorin does not mention the names of the non-European leaders, for he apparently disregards their efforts to stem the tide of apartheid. His book will be read by students of recent history but they must, on putting it down, feel that it does not tell the whole story. There is a growing tendency of Africa for the Africans, a movement which many people of European birth realize as something real. Perhaps the fear of it prompts the fight for apartheid on the part of the Nationalists, but it apparently plays an insignificant role, according to the thinking of Mr. Dvorin.

And, lastly, the Union of South Africa is an imperialistic country in which there are four times as many non-Europeans as Europeans, mainly Bantu. The book has not been written in which their desires are considered. One feels that the answer has been stated by Alan Paton when he said, "Cry, the beloved country, these things are not yet at an end. The sun pours down on the earth on the lovely land that man cannot enjoy. He knows only the fear in his heart."

Just Published

Because of limitations of space, we are unable to review the books described below in this issue. In many instances more extended attention will be paid in forthcoming numbers. New fiction is described elsewhere in this issue.

CHILDREN OF DIVORCE. By Louise J. Despert. New York: Doubleday & Co. $3.50. A child psychologist takes an analyzing look at the cause and effect of a vexing social problem, and gives advice to parents concerned.

THE FUTURE OF THE WEST. By J. G. De Beus. New York: Harper & Bros. $2.75. A popular treatment of various pessimistic views of history from Spengler's to Toynbee's. Mr. De Beus, however, finds hope for the cultural and physical survival of the Western world.

HENRY JAMES: The Untried Years. By Leon Edel. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $5. The first volume of an extended study of the novelist based on more than two decades of research. This carries James through his youth up to the age of twenty-seven.

THE LETTERS OF WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS. Edited by Mary C. Simms Oliphant, Alfred Tayor Odell, and T. C. Duncan Eaves. Columbia: University of South Carolina Press. Vol. II. $8.50. Second in a set of five, this volume deals with the years 1845-1849 in the career of one of the South's most distinguished editors and politicians.

A MANUAL OF FIRST AID FOR MENTAL HEALTH IN CHILDHOOD AND ADOLESCENCE. By Sidney L. Green and Alan B. Rothenberg. New York: Julian Press. $4. A discussion of physical and emotional problems from sleepwalking to bedwetting and what to do about them.

MY LIFE ON EARTH. By Edward Harris Heth. New York: Simon & Schuster. $4. An autobiographical account of how a high-pressure city ad-man's enforced country living, for reasons of health, turned from rebellion to pleasurable acceptance of nature's providence.

THE ORIGINS OF ART. By Gene Weltfish. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. $4.50. How did the graphic arts come about and what needs did they fill? Drawing on anthropological scholarship and her knowledge of North American Indian tribes, Dr. Weltfish attempts an answer.

THE SUEZ CANAL IN WORLD AFFAIRS. By Hugh J. Schonfield. New York: Philosophical Library. $4.50. An expert on the Near and Middle East reviews the history and importance of the strategic waterway.

UNCLE SAM'S UNCLE JOSH. Edited by Donald Day. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $4. A sampling of the wit of one of last century's great folk humorists—Henry Wheeler Shaw, better known as Josh Billings.

THE WARRIOR SAINT. By R. V. C. Bodley. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $4. Charles Foucauld gave up a life of pleasure to assume the role and robe of a French monk in North Africa at the turn of the century. His adventurous life and mission are chronicled here.

A WINDOW ON RED SQUARE. By Frank Rounds, Jr. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $3. Mr. Rounds, a news translator with the American Embassy in Moscow, gives an eighteen-months' diary-view of Russian culture and politics, with close-up pictures of the man on the street.

THE WORLD OF ROBERT FLAHERTY. By Richard Griffith. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $5. Superb documentary films like "Nanook" (Eskimo life), "Moana" (a South Sea panorama), and "The Louisiana Story" established Flaherty's fame. This biographical account takes the reader behind the scenes. —S.M.

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Blood on the Southern Cross

JOHN BARKHAM,
a native of South Africa and managing editor of Coronet, *discusses two Englishmen's studies of the South African situation:* "REPORT ON SOUTH AFRICA," BY BASIL DAVIDSON, *and* "THE DILEMMA OF SOUTH AFRICA," BY JOHN HATCH.

EVERYWHERE in Africa south of the Equator the native races are being raised up by their former white masters under the pressures of history. It may be, as in the case of the British, that emancipation follows a lesson painfully learned in India and Burma. Or it may be, as in the case of the Belgians, because the facts of African life have been realistically accepted. But from the Sudan southwards the black races of Africa are now demanding a voice in their Government—and getting it, in a greater or less degree.

All these trends, however, halt abruptly at the Limpopo River, for here the South Africans have raised their wall of segregation, or apartheid. This is their answer to the stirring African. Only through rigid segregation, they believe, can the white man preserve his identity (and his supremacy) in Africa's ocean of black races. Which of these two diametrically opposed policies will ultimately prevail?

The basic facts are not in dispute. In a land about twice the size of Texas, lavishly endowed with natural resources, live two and one-half million whites and ten million non-whites, mostly Negroes. For all its physical advantages, there is no sense of national unity in South Africa as in other countries. The three principal races cannot even agree on what to call themselves. The Boers prefer to be known as Afrikaners, the English-speaking whites as South Africans, and the Negroes as Africans.

The conflict lies in the relationship of these three groups to each other, more especially that of the whites to the non-whites. Is the Malan Government well advised in seeking to reverse the world trend to emancipation? In their new books Basil Davidson and John Hatch, both Englishmen, are agreed that South Africa is headed for a violent showdown if apartheid is continued.

Mr. Davidson, in "Report on Southern Africa" (British Book Centre $3.50), which is perhaps the more thoughtful of the pair of volumes, sees the unrest simmering all over the Dark Continent. "Wherever the white man is settled as a native," he avers, "he lives today upon a volcano, yet almost nowhere will he admit it of his own case." In different language Mr. Hatch echoes this view. "Those South Africans who still try to maintain that their problems and policies concern only themselves are living in the past: the color problem affects millions of people outside as well as inside South Africa."

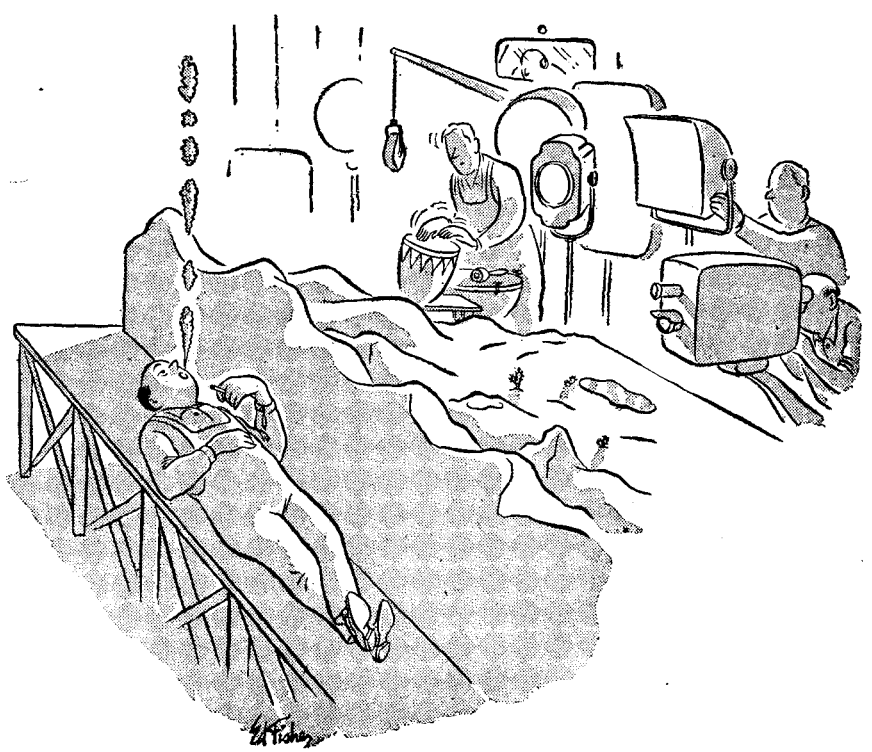
Mr. Davidson did not allow the natural beauty and wealth of South Africa to blind him to the discontent and destitution among the Negroes who produce almost all of its wealth. "Most of the whites of South Africa enjoy an exceedingly high standard of living," he tells us; "most of the non-whites suffer from an exceedingly low one." As he sees it, the choice for the whites has now become one of waging bitter and perhaps bloody struggles as the Negroes step by step assert their rights, or of granting those rights which the whites themselves introduced to Africa. A decision cannot long be delayed.

MR. HATCH'S approach is somewhat milder. In "The Dilemma of South Africa" (Roy Publishers, $4), he bends over backwards to see the Afrikaner's point of view on apartheid, and gives the Malan Government credit for its passionate belief in the correctness of its attitude. But in the end his conclusion is the same: South Africa cannot turn the clock back. "South Africans," he says, "are an insignificant minority of friendless fanatics fighting against the whole trend of the rest of the world."

To which it might be added that no community can live in peace unless its component racial groups have learned how to accept each other on friendly terms. It is a simple but fundamental fact that a democracy can be measured by the manner in which it treats its minorities. Just as the Boers themselves would not tolerate the imposition of laws upon themselves by the British, so inevitably the non-white millions of South Africa must some day dispute the imposition of repressive regulations upon them by the ruling whites.

Yet it should be remembered that for the Boer, with his roots deep in African soil, the issue can never be as simple as it seems to the distant observer. The late Field Marshal Jan Christian Smuts once said to this reviewer: "The Asiatics are kicking the white man out of Asia. The Englishman is going back to England, the Dutchman to Holland, and so on. But we Afrikaners can never go back anywhere. South Africa is our home: we have lived here for 300 years. One way or the other, the race issue will have to be decided here."

And soon it may be. These two books, written by intelligent observers, will give you an illuminating picture of the way history is fast crystallizing in that strategic crucible, South Africa.



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Poet and Marshal

HERMAN AUSUBEL,
assistant professor of history at Columbia University, and author of "Some Modern Historians of Britain," reviews "JAN CHRISTIAN SMUTS," *by his son* J. C. SMUTS.

LORD Randolph Churchill was lucky. He had as his biographer his son Winston, and now, although almost fifty years have elapsed since the publication of "Lord Randolph Churchill," this two-volume life continues to stand as one of the major biographies of our century, a work that did justice—perhaps even more than justice—both to its subject and its author.

Jan Christian Smuts has been much less fortunate in his biographer. His son, J. C. Smuts, has plenty of enthusiasm, as "Jan Christian Smuts" (Morrow, $6), makes clear. He also has humility: an engineer, he does not pretend to be a journalist, a historian, a scientist, a politician, or a military expert. Yet however admirable these qualities of enthusiasm and humility are, they do not suffice to produce a significant biography, especially when they are combined with the overdose of reverence and filiopietism from which the younger Smuts suffers. He is, of course, conscious that he tackled his task in a spirit of duty, love, and admiration, and he acknowledges that his book is written "in a mood of eulogy." If anything, however, this is understatement.

To do justice to a figure like Smuts requires a vast knowledge and understanding not only of South African social and political history but of topics so varied as the law (Maitland considered Smuts the most brilliant law student he had ever taught), the poetry of Shelley (which Smuts worshiped), the personality of Walt Whitman (on which Smuts wrote his first book), tactics and strategy in the Boer War, World War I, and World War II, the development of the theory and practice of the British Commonwealth, modern anthropological conceptions of race, and the philosophic theory of holism (that a whole being is larger than the sum of its constituent parts). This knowledge and understanding the younger Mr. Smuts by and large lacks.

To do justice to a figure like Smuts also requires all the art that the biographer can muster from a technical and esthetic point of view. Such art is rarely present in his son's volume. Indeed, its first two sentences give something of its typical flavor: "In 1870 a blue-eyed boy was born on a farm in the Cape of Good Hope. Eighty years later, grown to maturity but undimmed by the years, and at heart still a simple child of the veld, he died on a farm in the Transvaal."

In short, the young Mr. Smuts should not have attempted this book, which he himself all too correctly refers to as an "interim biography." He would have been much better advised to confine himself to writing a personal memoir of his almost forty years of life with his father. Such a memoir would have been useful to the well-trained historian who alone can make sense of a figure of such stature. Thus we must continue to wait for a satisfactory biography of the South African patriot who believed that his country could be great only if Britain and the Commonwealth were great and of whom Winston Churchill said in 1950, "There must be comfort in the proofs of admiration and gratitude that have been evoked all over the world for a warrior, statesman, and philosopher who was probably more fitted to guide struggling and blundering humanity through its sufferings and perils toward a better day, than anyone who lived in any country during his epoch."

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "Love's Labour's Lost," Act I, scene i. 2. "Hamlet," Act II, Scene ii. 3. "The Merchant of Venice," Act III, Scene ii. 4. "King Lear," Act I, Scene ii. 5. "Twelfth Night," Act II, Scene v. 6. "Macbeth," Act I, Scene iv. 7. "The Merry Wives of Windsor," Act II, Scene i. 8. "Measure for Measure," Act IV, Scene ii. 9. "Much Ado About Nothing," Act V, Scene iii. 10. "Julius Caesar," Act II, Scene iii.

A. S. Mopeli-Paulus—"moving, convincing."

Chief of the Veldt

OLIVER LA FARGE,
who won a Pulitzer Prize for "Laughing Boy," his novel about American Indians, reviews a story of South African native life, PETER LANHAM'S AND A. S. MOPELI-PAULUS'S "BLANKET BOY."

IF ANY South Africans read Peter Lanham's and A. S. Mopeli-Paulus's novel, "Blanket Boy," (Crowell, $3.50), they will resent it violently, all the more so because it is moving and convincing. This review will appear in a number devoted to African matters; "Blanket Boy" is too good to be classed as a book to be read only if one's interest lies in that direction.

One of the authors, Mr. Mopeli-Paulus, is an educated Basuto chief. (This item sent me to the atlas, which shows Basutoland as an enclave, under British protection, within the Union of South Africa.) Mr. Mopeli-Paulus, it seems, wrote a novel about a common member of his people. He turned it over to an Englishman, Mr. Lanham, who corrected and elaborated the tale. The collaboration was a rarely happy one. The story has great freshness, and reads throughout as if it were told by an African native speaking from the heart.

The structure is picaresque, the plot naive in its unabashed use of coincidence. The telling has a frankness reminiscent of certain exceptional American Indian autobiographies, such as "Sun Chief" and "Son of Old Man Hat." The vices of the Negroes as individuals and of their culture are stated as openly as their virtues. No punches are pulled whatsoever. None of those autobiographies, however, has the impact of "Blanket Boy." None has as dramatic or sharply black-and-white a situation to deal with. Some Indian tribes, like the Basutos, are caught half-way between two violently conflicting cultures, but none has had to experience anything even faintly resembling what an African native endures in the modern South Africa of apartheid.

A novel in that setting, written from the native point of view, could be one long, dull cry of pain, but this is not. Naive in plot and style, it is sophisticated in its point of view towards the various kinds of white men and dark men who inhabit the southern tip of Africa; its judgments are just, realistic, and neither partisan nor provincial. The tragedy against which the hero carries on his principal struggle is not the re-

(*Continued on page* 50)

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Revolutions of the Future

THE serious general reader who wants to know more about Africa will have to dig a bit to get at the books that will satisfy his needs. There is little to help him in the great stacks of tall tales, fictional and non-fictional, which comprise so large a part of Western literature about Africa. The African who figures in today's history has nothing in common with the stock character of the savage, howling or noble, used as extras or supernumeraries or simply as part of the scenery along with the lions and giraffes in the greater bulk of these books.

On the other hand, generally, the African as he has been examined by anthropologists is too often viewed as fixed in a social setting, whereas the significant African of today is the one who has been wrenched from his tribal past and set adrift in a European-dominated society which as yet offers him no opportunity for reintegration and growth. The following book list is by no means inclusive but attempts to give the interested reader some useful leads to further exploration.

SOUTH AFRICA

PEOPLES AND POLICIES OF SOUTH AFRICA. By Leo Marquard. New York: Oxford University Press. 1952. Excellent summary by a liberal white South African.

THE DILEMMA OF SOUTH AFRICA. By John Hatch. New York: Roy Publishers. 1952. Reportage by an English professor of a journey of inquiry.

HANDBOOK ON RACE RELATIONS IN SOUTH AFRICA. Edited by Ellen Hellmann. New York: Oxford University Press. 1949. An exhaustive compilation of facts by a distinguished group of contributors under auspices of South African Institute of Race Relations.

CRY, THE BELOVED COUNTRY. By Alan Paton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1948. The best-known of all novels of South African life.

TIME LONGER THAN ROPE. By Edward Roux. London: Gollancz. 1948. A political history by a participant in South African radical politics.

JAN CHRISTIAN SMUTS. By Jan Christian Smuts. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1952. An admiring biography of the South African leader by his son.

RACIAL SEPARATION IN SOUTH AFRICA. By E. P. Dvorin. Chicago: Univ. of Chicago Press. 1952. A detailed study of contemporary South Africa.

BLACK ANGER. By Wulf Sachs. Boston: Little, Brown. 1947. Account of a European psychoanalyst's account to get at an African's mind.

EAST AFRICA

RACE AND POLITICS IN KENYA. By Elspeth Huxley and Margery Perham. London: Faber & Faber. 1944. Letters of the daughter of a Kenya settler and a British colonial specialist.

FACING MT. KENYA. By Jomo Kenyatta. London: Secker & Warburg. 1953 (Orig. ed., 1944). Written originally as a thesis for a degree, this study of the Kikuyu tribe of Kenya is by the leader of the Kenya African Union, recently convicted by a British Colonial court of implication in Mau Mau activities.

KENYA, LAND OF CONFLICT. By Jomo Kenyatta. Manchester: Panas Service, Ltd. 1944. A pamphlet by the Kenya African leader.

COLOUR BAR IN EAST AFRICA. By Norman Leys. London: Hogarth Press. 1941. A study of racial discrimination in the British colonies of East Africa.

TROUBLED UGANDA. By E. M. K. Mulira. London. 1950. A brief account of Uganda's problems by a Uganda African.

AFRICA, GENERAL

THE CASE FOR AFRICAN FREEDOM. By Joyce Cary. London: Secker & Warburg. 1941. By the noted novelist who also served for years as a colonial official in Africa.

AFRICAN HERITAGE. By Emory Ross. New York: Friendship Press. 1952. A summary work by one of the most distinguished Americans in African missionary work.

BLACK AND WHITE. By Martin Flavin. New York: Harper & Bros. 1950. Report of a journey to South Africa, Central Africa, and the Congo by an American writer.

SELF-RULE IN AFRICA. By John Carr-Gregg. New York: International Conciliation Series. 1951. An account of British reforms in the Gold Coast.

LAST CHANCE IN AFRICA. By Negley Farson. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1950. A sympathetic but perceptive report on the white man's dilemma in Africa.

AFRICA EMERGENT. By W. M. MacMillan. London: Penguin. 1949. A summary by a distinguished South African scholar.

EMPIRE AND AFTER. By Rita Hinden. London: Essential Books. 1949. British colonial problems by a well-known specialist in African affairs.

COLONIAL POLICIES IN AFRICA. By H. A. Wieschoff. Philadelphia: Univ. of Pennsylvania Press. 1944. Useful summaries by an African specialist now with the United Nations.

AFRICA SOUTH OF THE SAHARA. A survey by a study group of the South African Institute of International Affairs. New York, 1951.

AFRICA: A study in Tropical Development. By L. Dudley Stamp. New York: John Wiley. 1953. Economic problems.

SEVEN TRIBES OF BRITISH CENTRAL AFRICA. Edited by Elizabeth Colson and Max Gluckman. New York: Oxford University Press. 1951. A study of the peoples in the area affected by the proposed Central African Federation.

FREEDOM AND AUTHORITY IN FRENCH WEST AFRICA. By Robert Delavignette. New York: Oxford University Press. 1950. A study by a French colonial official.

AN AFRICAN SURVEY. By Lord Hailey. New York: Oxford University Press. 1938. The standard modern reference work on Africa.

REVIEW OF ECONOMIC CONDITIONS IN AFRICA. New York: United Nations. 1951.

AFRICA: NEW CRISES IN THE MAKING. By Harold R. Isaacs and Emory Ross. New York: Foreign Policy Assn. 1952. An introduction to current African problems.

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Bloomsbury in Austerity

HARVEY CURTIS WEBSTER *considers the newer English novelists and particularly the work of P. H. Newby and his latest book,* "THE RETREAT."

THE old and young British and American novelists who have achieved importance since World War II have usually been concerned excessively with either the life inside or the life outside. Cursorily reviewing the prominent among them, one thinks immediately of the psychological depth and sociological narrowness of the work of William Sansom and Truman Capote, of the sociological breadth and psychological superficiality of "From Here to Eternity," and—but here my oversimplification kills itself, for there are almost no significant British novels that perpetrate this typically American sin. Degrees of psychological penetration there undoubtedly are. That young-old writer Joyce Cary goes deeper than Ivy Compton-Burnett; Sid Chaplin less deeply than V. S. Pritchett and Walter Allen. Still, generally speaking, the "new" British novelists, whether their intent includes the whole of society or not, feel compelled to explore the inner and/or lower depths of their characters as well as they can.

This does not mean that the British novel since 1945 surpasses the American. Except for the work of such writers as Greene, Green, and Cary—who should have been recognized here before the war, though they, too, generally were not—there is no British fiction by older people that matches the recent novels of Hemingway, Dos Passos, and Faulkner. The younger British novelists, with the possible exception of Alex Comfort, Anthony West, and P. H. Newby, are neither as ambitious nor as sprawlingly vivid as Norman Mailer, Ralph Ellison, and Bernard Wolfe. The advantage these English have over these Americans is almost entirely in their more sensible sense of limitations and in their better craftsmanship.

Yet even here the inevitable desire for viable generalization defeats itself partially. Who could ask for better craft than that of Gerald Sykes or Theodore Morrison, or find a more vacillating command of his medium than that of P. H. Newby, the young British novelist American critics have acclaimed most frequently in recent years?

One is tempted to say unfairly that Mr. Newby has gained his eminence by the sheer weight of words. Since 1945 he has published seven novels, two juveniles, a biography of Maria Edgeworth, and the best available study of English fiction since World War II.

If one can trust an artist's judgment about himself, his principal intention is "to show ordinary human relationships" as apolitical adventures that spring nevertheless "from an appreciation of the larger issues which confront society." These ordinary human relationships are usually the love of a man for a woman or the conflicts between a child and his parents; the larger conditioning issues are generally the anxiety generated by war and postwar, the modish uncertainty that makes man worry and wonder about both the laws of man and the laws of God.

This material he has exploited most

—*Robin Adair.*

P. H. Newby—"promise fulfilled."

effectively in his first novel, "A Journey to the Interior," and in his latest novel, "The Retreat," (Knopf, $3). The first novel presents the problems of uncertainty the intermediate novels explore: the latest novel presents at least a tentative solution; the novels in between, particularly "The Snow Pastures" and "The Young May Moon," start brilliantly and end inconclusively, though with a reach toward reconciliation. All of his novels are readable and worth reading; in only "A Journey to the Interior" and "The Retreat" is promise promised and fulfilled.

"THE Retreat" is not as melodramatic as my brief summary will make it sound. Stunned by war and his feeling that he cannot deserve his wife, Oliver Knight does not dare to return to her and goes back to the woman he had loved before—who is married to his best friend, Hesketh.

This earlier love, Jane, has not only lost her child but the power to bear a child. Out of compassion, remembered love, and confusion, he responds to her plea that he take her away with him. He forgets that he is a deserter, for a time does not remember his wife, finally kills or thinks he kills Jane to escape to the sanctuary of his wife.

It requires great skill to make such a plot plausible, but Mr. Newby succeeds. The problem Oliver (and most of Mr. Newby's earlier characters) faces is that of being lost in the wood of non-belief, yet trying to find a way. Oliver "can scarcely see" and is "afraid of feeling." He sees no retreat, yet must go on and on, hoping for light while expecting darkness.

The conclusion that satisfies artistically (though it may not metaphysically) brings Oliver to a belief in the sanctuary the love for his wife represents. In place of or through God, Mr. Newby seems to say, we may find a love for another human being which quiets anxiety, whatever we may have done.

"The Retreat" is both a crown and a promise. Mr. Newby writes too much and too fast and sometimes too poorly. He is not the peer of E. M. Forster, to whom he is sometimes compared, nor of Joyce Cary, to whom he never should be; he does not perfect his work as Walter Allen and V. S. Pritchett do; he has neither the will nor the despair of Ivy Compton Burnett. He does have a tremendous capacity to absorb and express the typical experience of our age of anxiety and the probable power to encompass and go beyond it both philosophically and artistically.

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End of a Hero

HARRISON SMITH
reviews "A STRANGER HERE," ROBERT HENRIQUES'S *most recent novel.*

ROBERT Henriques is a man of action, a big-game hunter; once a famous Commando organizer and liaison officer between Generals Patton and Montgomery, he is now a prosperous farmer and student of the conflicting aspects of human nature which he describes as "the two worlds of man, the one of reason and civilization, and the other of instinct and passion—separating from each other."

"A Stranger Here" (Viking, $3.75), Mr. Henriques's latest novel is better than its predecessor, "Too Little Love," in which he compared life in Socialist England with what were presumably "the good old days," and covered his rural landscape with too many and too varied characters. In three years his technique has improved, and he has a stronger grasp of the essentials of a dramatic story and the necessary unity of theme and character.

It was not an easy task, since he is dealing with a subject used more often for comedy than for tragedy, that of two aging married men who are rivals for the love of a woman far too young for them. Both of them are of equal stature. Will Bowar had emerged from the class of tenant farmers now fast disappearing in England. In one way he belonged to the old school; he worked harder than any of his men, whom he drove relentlessly from early morning to nightfall. He managed his ten farms of nine thousand fertile acres as if they were factories producing meat and grain. His opponent, George Sirrer of Fairmile Park, is an industrialist who has bought farm land for profit and to give his life stability. Both men are determined to buy two large estates that have suddenly come on the market, one of them worth sixty thousand pounds.

If Mr. Sirrer had not brought a young nurse from London to take care of his dying wife when she was shipped out from a nursing home, Will Bowar might have yielded to his own ailing wife's injunction to give up his ambition and settle down to old age. Grace Jones was thirty-five; but since she had never had a love affair, both men thought of her as an untried girl. She fell in love with the farmer, while her employer's passion for her waxed daily. When his wife died, he was willing to take her on any terms, even if she became the mistress of Bowar. It is inevitable that he should make a fool of himself and that his rival should be the one who suffered the most.

Nature, in the manner of Hardy's rural novels, takes a hand in Bowar's downfall. Battered by fate, his fantasy that youth might endure in his old heart killed, he refuses to accept the gift of love. He learns that there is no end to the punishment a man can bring on himself. He has to "suffer the full foolishness of his dream, and be made a mock of, before he could say goodbye to it."

The relentless destruction of the man who harbors an irresistible will to power, who must always drive ahead and never relax, is not an uncommon theme. In Mr. Henriques's novel it is dramatic and moving, though the reader may feel that coincidence plays too great a part, for it is unlikely that both protagonists, the industrialist and the farmer, should have sick and dying wives, and that their only sons, who to say the least had inherited none of the qualities of their fathers, should be dissipated and effeminate.

The Winter Leaves

THOMAS G. BERGIN,
chairman of the department of Spanish and Italian at Yale University, reviews Eric Mosbacher's translation of a Sicilian classic, GIOVANNI VERGA'S "THE HOUSE BY THE MEDLAR TREE."

THE Malavoglias are honest seafaring folk and everyone thinks well of them in Trezza, where their name has been known ever since the world began. There are not so many of them now as there used to be but, as the story opens, they are still prosperous and, as everyone knows, they live in the house by the medlar tree and own the *Provvidenza,* a good boat, even if not so big as the *Carmela* of Master Fortunato Cipolla. But perhaps the best thing they have is a sense of family unity: Grandfather 'Ntoni has always said that the members of a family should work together like the fingers of a hand and that makes sense to his son Bastianazzo, huge and burly as the St. Christopher painted under the arch of the fish-market at Catania. So Bastianazzo takes La Longa to wife when 'Ntoni tells him to and he's not sorry for it, either, because La Longa is a good mother and there are five grandchildren, ranging from young 'Ntoni, fairly well grown up now, right down to little Lia, who is neither fish, fowl, nor good red herring when the tale begins.

All would have gone well with the Malavoglias, too, except that first the King called up young 'Ntoni—and that was all the fault of the diabolical revolution, said Don Giammaria, but the Malavoglias had had nothing to do with that—and then there came the storm that wrecked the *Provvidenza* and left the family in debt for her cargo to Uncle Crocefisso and, worst of all, carried off Bastianazzo for good. And this is not the end of their woes, for the King calls the second boy and he never returns—it seems there had been a battle somewhere and a lot of sailors were killed—and La Longa cannot last forever and what happens to Lia we had better not talk about for honest people don't.

But somehow the worst of all is what happens to young 'Ntoni. He comes back all right, but he's not the same and doesn't seem to find any heart for toiling and sweating to get back the house by the medlar tree and the *Provvidenza*—"and still go on working from morning to night," he says. 'Ntoni won't even admit that there's no place like home and he wants to go around the world like a vagabond. Grandfather 'Ntoni

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can't understand why anyone should want to be anything else but what his fathers have been for centuries, but that's the way it is and young 'Ntoni does go off, and Grandfather dies and poor Mena never marries *compare* Alfio, the carter, though she is a nice girl and so busy with her spinning all day long that everyone calls her St. Agatha. But what can a girl do with no dowry and a family in debt besides? Little Alessi turns out to be a chip off the old block and we can be sure that he'll bring the family up again and maybe get back the house by the medlar tree, but with this generation things have gone hard and no one is more troubled about it than young 'Ntoni, who can't understand his own discontent even though it has become a part of him and has practically ruined the family. And not only financially —but that's a long story.

All this took place in the second half of the last century; but before you read very far in Giovanni Verga's "The House by the Medlar Tree" (Grove Press, $3.50), you will find it is not simply the account of one family between a particular span of years but is as well a parable, dealing in universals. The Malavoglias have been with us for centuries and always will be, and now and again there will be rebels like young 'Ntoni, too. If these malcontents are smart and lucky they will move up a notch in the social scale, like Mastro-don Gesualdo of the second part of Verga's proposed trilogy—and if they aren't, well, they will end as young 'Ntoni ends, caught between two worlds and mutilated by their own dreams.

It is impossible in a few words to do justice to this superb novel. In a way it is epitome of the European novel of the last century; it has the sharp focus of French naturalism, the sweep of a Tolstoyan conception —for not only the family but the village has a collective life of its own—and it has something of the primitive force of a novel of Hardy or some of the Spanish realists. The technique is Verga's own; he tells his tale in the language of the peasants themselves and though the work is written in standard Italian, one is continually aware of the rhythms of earthy Sicilian speech. The book is indeed more than a novel, it is an epic in modern dress and its language is poetry.

Verga's influence has been enormous in his own country and is still a vital force, even though he died thirty years ago and had ceased to write a score of years before that. He has had some success abroad but not what he should have, certainly in the English-speaking world. D. H. Lawrence admired him greatly and translated "Mastro don Gesualdo," as well as a number of short stories (including "Cavalleria Rusticana").

But "I Malavoglia," surely the better novel, has never been so well known in America, perhaps because the one translation into English (now out of print) was not particularly distinguished. Eric Mosbacher has done very well with the translation of "The House by the Medlar Tree," and we may hope that it will give Verga the public that his unique gifts certainly merit.

On the Way Up

NELSON ALGREN, *author of "The Man with the Golden Arm," submits an enthusiastic report on* IRVING SHULMAN'S *new novel of American-Mexican life,* "THE SQUARE TRAP."

ALTHOUGH Vidal Cantanios crossed the border at Mexicali in 1919 and had raised his family in the Ravine section of Los Angeles, he was still living, psychologically, back in Durango. The conflict between the mores of village immigrants, alien and ancestral, and those of their children growing up in any big pell-mell American town has been indicated before. But, to this reader's knowledge, Irving Shulman's "The Square Trap" (Little, Brown, $3.75) is the first report of the problem from the American-Mexican community; and it is done honestly, simply, and readably.

For old bricklayer Vidal, with his Spanish respect for women and his Indian respect for good manners, a man's main concern are his honor and his dignity. There is no dishonor in stoop labor, he feels, nor indignity in poverty. The dangers in the world, as seen from Chavez Ravine, are the corruption and immorality of the Anglos.

To his eighteen-year-old son, Tomas, Vidal's only dignity lies at the bottom of a wine bottle. The boy finds neither honor nor dignity in the poverty, illness, and dirt of the Ravine. He has discovered his own dignity in the prize ring.

"Only a brute would stand before other people and beat other men with his fists for the enjoyment of other brutes," Vidal speaks his shame of his son when Tomas proudly brings home his first purse. "I'm a poor man, but not a brute."

Nor is Vidal a particularly enterprising man. His simple pleasure is to take his little wine bottle to Pershing Square Park and wander there among the orators pleading for the twenty-hour week, the nationalisation of women, or Father Divine.

"The park was a little crazy world, but the people in the park made as much sense, maybe more, than the world." Vidal enjoyed these people and respected their good manners. "Oh, to remain in the park forever, to be without care, to live under the trees, protected by the gentle darkness of pleasant nights, to feel warm and fortified by wine, and have no thought or reason to be useful."

But for Tomas, fighting under the name of Tommy Kansas, nothing is that simple. "My dignity is to do something," he decides, "to get us out of here."

And here the author picks up the prize fight business. It is genuinely refreshing to discover a writer willing at last to forego the golden boy formula. There is no snarling gangster in this one, forcing the fighter to throw the title bout; no seductress working a double double-cross nor a double-dyed manager ready to throw his boy to the wolves all for the sake of love. All that is false, and never existed. The author has kept his situations and his characters within the everyday routine of the fight business.

Nobody sets out to hurt Tommy Kansas; but he gets hurt all the same. Nobody operates a double-cross on him except the one he pulls on himself, out of the weakness of the young in every trade toward overestimating their strength.

The author's abandonment of the deliberately hard-boiled novel also affords this one a humor, a pathos, and an honesty which make it a worthwhile work for students of the American community as well as those whose only interest is in a well-told fight story.

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Reptilian Pilgrimage

BEN RAY REDMAN

acclaims "The Cave and the Rock," a new volume that skilfully combines allegory, fantasy, and satire, from the pen of Raoul C. Faure.

RAOUL C. FAURE'S great gift—as his work since 1946 has made abundantly clear—is disciplined imagination. This is one of the most precious gifts an artist can possess; and there is no doubt that Mr. Faure is an artist, whatever the magnitude of his work may prove to be. Many writers copy life cleverly, some interpret it intelligently, still others are creators as well as interpreters. Mr. Faure belongs to the third class, and to a group within that class: he is one of those who throw light on the familiar by means of unfamiliar creations.

The creation that we find in his latest book, "The Cave and the Rock" (Morrow, $3.50), is nothing less than a world—the world of Frut, "a big adult lizard, olive-green on top and yellow underneath, with a double sooty collar on the neck," who measures "one foot four from snout to tail." It is a world in which the lizards of the tableland lead a privileged life, while the lizards of the creek are mere toilers whose looks fitly match their social status. But above the tablelanders are the Sages and the All Loving Fathers, and above them is the great serpent god of the tribe, Sarass the Unfathomable.

The law is laid down by the Fathers, it is administered by the Sages, it is implemented by the guards, and those who break it are flung into the Pit, where quickly and fatally they literally become one with their god. Conformity is the rule of the tribe, tradition is sacred—"disbelief in the tribe or in its hallowed tradition is disbelief in the god. It removes all sense of obligation and destroys the basis of morality."

The story of Frut is the story of one who indulges in such disbelief, and thus becomes a subversive menace to the foundations of the tableland society into which he has been born so happily. Not that Frut is a revolutionary by nature. When we meet him he is a perfectly normal tablelander, about to mate with Ruha, a lizard richly blessed with feminine charms. But it is Frut's double misfortune that he happens to see something that disproves the truth of a tribal tradition, and that he happens to be honest enough to insist on believing the evidence of his own eyes.

He compounds this misfortune by trying to share his knowledge with the Sages, and when they refuse even to entertain the possibility that his story may be true, he knows them for what they are. Unable to hold his tongue, he commits follies of frankness. Summoned to judgment before the All Loving Fathers, he is unable to humble the pride of his individual intellect, unable to save himself by bowing his head penitently, or cynically, in assent. The law of the tribe takes its course, and Frut's story moves into new areas of interest. But it is not for a reviewer to tell of his colloquy with Sarass the Unfathomable, of his desperate journey across perilous wastes, of his discovery of Blue Cape, a nation of lizards who have no gods, no rulers, no sages, no guards—a nation of perfectly rational lizards who have established, at a price, a truly communistic utopia.

Within the microcosm of his own creation Mr. Faure works with impeccable logic, and he weaves his threads of allegory, fantasy, and satire with an art that excites mounting admiration. It would be a pity if his patiently skilful evocation of some of the details of Frut's life exhausted the patience of some of his readers, for "The Cave and the Rock," perfectly fashioned, is really a thing of beauty; and at times—as when the flaming tongues of the Fathers dart forth the death sentence—beauty is one with power.

—*Emmett E. Smith.*

Raoul C. Faure—"disciplined imagination."

Fiction Notes

WITH DRAKE'S ARMADA: Perhaps as a respite from the doughty contemporary doings of the redoubtable Colonel North, F. Van Wyck Mason makes an occasional sortie into the costume adventure story. This, however, involves not so much a change of pace as of setting: the heroes of his historical fiction are just as doughty in fast-moving action as ever was Colonel North. The hero of **"Golden Admiral"** (Doubleday, $3.95) is Henry Wyatt and he's assisting Sir Francis Drake wrest imperial power from Spain and transform England into the world's leading empire. There are battles off the coast and on the mainland of Spain itself, battles for Spain's colonies in the New World (the taking and sack of San Domingo are particularly exciting passages), rescue of beleaguered settlers in Virginia's Roanoke colony and, as a bang-up climax, the victorious clash between Drake's armada and Philip's so-called Invincible.

In all these engagements Wyatt plays a central and resourceful role, as does his friend and companion Hubert Coffyn. He is also supplied by the generous author with a love affair, a cloud over his head, and a revenge motif. All of these work out nicely, though toward the end the author has to call in a few coincidences. Despite a lot of glowing adjectives, Sir Francis himself never appears any livelier than a stick. But forget that. It's the big and little action scenes that will keep you reading. —Edward J. Fitzgerald.

MORNING TIME IN THE CATSKILLS: Continuing her chronicle of the early nineteenth century in the Catskill Mountains, Oriana Atkinson in **"The Golden Season"** (Bobbs-Merrill, $3.50) stays pretty close to the home she created as a setting for "The Twin Cousins." It's that inn that the Ware cousins built and to which they brought their brides. Mrs. Atkinson stays pretty close to the Wares, too, concentrating this time on young Freedom Ware, daughter of Luther and Content, who were central in the preceding novel. Freedom grows up, has troubles with her stepmother, Gretchen, and with a somewhat overdrawn hired man, falls in love with and marries Pup Van Loo. That's about all there is to her story, but not all there is to Mrs. Atkinson's story. It is her background that she is obviously mostly concerned with and she is—even more than in "The Twin Cousins"—highly successful in re-creating it for us. —E. J. F.

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Broadway Postscript

O TO BE IN BROOKLYN, NOW THAT "APRIL" 'S HERE

AN EVENING with Will Shakespeare," as it showed up in Brooklyn on its way to Washington, is a novel and rewarding theatrical venture. Played in modern dress with only a few bits of furniture, the "Evening" consists of a series of fully-acted scenes from seven of Shakespeare's more familiar plays plus four of the famous soliloquies. The scenes are acted by such well-knowns as Viveca Lindfors, Margaret Webster, Faye Emerson, Eva Le Gallienne, John Lund, and Basil Rathbone, with the support of Frederick Rolf, Paul Ballantyne, Lily Lodge (daughter of Connecticut's incumbent Governor), and Del Horstmann and his guitar. All of these have donated their services for nominal salaries to ASFTA (American Shakespeare Festival Theatre and Academy), which is trying to raise a half-million dollars in order to erect a modernized adaptation of Shakespeare's Globe Theatre near Westport, Connecticut. The theatre would house a Shakespeare Acting Company and would be associated with an Academy of Acting.

Since the scenes have been carefully selected and smoothly staged by Miss Webster with assistance from Mary Hunter, they amount to a kind of sample package of the approach to Shakespeare that will be taken by the Connecticut project. Although it is what Eric Bentley in his new book, "In Search of Theater," amusingly describes as Shakespeare "dipped in esthetic sauce," it must be remembered that this is still the only kind of Shakespeare able to satisfy that large group of people who are not up to analyzing the meanings within the poet's lines. For them Shakespeare is their opportunity to see the acting of great passions and to hear the music of rich verse, and these things the ASFTA group gives evidence of being able to provide.

The most effective moments in "An Evening with Will Shakespeare" are Miss Webster's rendition of "we are such stuff as dreams are made on," and Miss Lindfors silent acting of Viola's unrequited love for Orsino.

The "Kiss me, Kate" sequence is good fun and again reminds us that Faye Emerson is more than a TV hostess. Equally sunny and humorous is the wooing of Princess Katherine by Henry V. On the more somber side, Miss Le Gallienne's Lady Macbeth is a tour de force which draws cries of "brava" from the audience.

Less successful is the quality of ensemble playing. Three of the scenes which depend more on this than on Shakespeare's language (the ones from "Julius Caesar," "The Merchant of Venice," and "Henry VIII") should be replaced by stronger ones. In addition the narration which introduced the different sequences tends to bog down in details that could have been relegated to the printed program.

These defects notwithstanding, "An Evening with Will Shakespeare" moves rapidly and deftly and should prove a crackerjack salesman for ASTFA's fund-raising campaign.

AFTER exhausting the rest of the country with "A Date with April," Constance Bennett decided to bring it to New York and now everyone is exhausted. George Batson's trivial comedy, which concerns the on-again off-again between a Hemingway-like author and a pretty concert pianist and composer, gives a cliched picture of how our sophisticated great live. This lack of originality in the story could only be redeemed by some scintillating dialogue and some stylish playing, and unfortunately neither was forthcoming with any appreciable consistency. Even Mr. Batson's best lines have that joke-book ring. "Marriage is not luck—it's strategy." and "There is no secret to my eternal youth—I just lie about my age," are two that a Noel Coward might think of, but would hesitate to use.

Less inspired still are the performances. Miss Bennett, who lists her birthdate as 1905, still has a figure trim enough to wear smart clothes, and her voice has acquired some of the world-weary tones we have come to associate with Tallulah Bankhead. However, Miss Bennett lacks the Bankhead gusto and theatre sense. She even seems to have lost the pert charm she had on the screen, and her performance is undistinguished. In fact, the only member of the cast who does distinguish herself is Evelyn Varden, who plays Miss Bennett's flamingo-haired mother. Although what she does comes under the heading of solo hokum, Miss Varden has a singular ability at innuendo which allows her to get as big a laugh from an unfunny line as from a funny one. Her knack appears to be the *sine qua non* of Mr. Batson's play.

—HENRY HEWES.

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SR Goes to the Movies

BEI MIR BIST DU SHANE

—From "Shane."

Alan Ladd and Brandon de Wilde—"patterns as predictable as the tides."

PROBABLY the most rigidly conventionalized form of fiction in America today is the Western melodrama. Whether in literature or motion picture, the tales follow patterns as predictable as the tides, their characters cast in virtually shatterproof molds. The hero rides into the story from an unspecified past, although frequently there is the strong suggestion that he has had more than a casual brush with the law. For one reason or another, he throws in his lot with the local citizenry in their fight against oppression. Automatically this becomes the side of the Right, often identifiable as such simply because our hero is on it. Always, however, he operates just a little outside the local mores, willing to engage in a little roughing up or even active gunplay for the sake of the Right. If he falls in love, it is a casual affair. Women rarely play an important role in his life. He is the Good Bad Man, fighting for justice in his own terms and ready to move on once the fight is won. For years—ever since William S. Hart first brought him to life on the screen—he has been an important part of the American movie *mythos,* an idealized figure from an idealized past.

No small part of the incredible virtuosity that has gone into the making of "Shane" (Paramount) is the fact that novelist A. B. Guthrie, Jr., who fashioned the screen play from Jack Schaefer's novel, has worked completely within these conventions yet restores to them their original validity and vitality. In the clash between the ranchers who originally fought the Indians and settled in Wyoming, and the homesteaders who moved in later on Government grants, and began to break up the huge cattle ranges into homes and farmlands, the question of Right is obscure indeed. Into this impasse rides Shane, a gunfighter, an outlaw, who realizes that the time for his kind of law—the law of force and bloodshed—is almost over. He joins with the farmers (thus identifying them, for picture purposes, as the Right, even though Guthrie allows his cattlemen an unusually eloquent defense of their own point of view). When the ranchers finally import a gunfighter to uphold their claims, Shane reluctantly unlimbers his six-shooter, annihilates the opposition, then rides away forever. Although still needed, he sees that the new social order can offer no permanent place for a killer.

If this keen awareness of social forces, this sense of living history, lends power to the film, there is no less distinction in George Stevens's direction or Loyal Griggs's handsome Technicolor photography. Stevens, who last year directed "A Place in the Sun," has staged this Western with the same imaginative camera eye and strong feeling for human relationships. He stresses the loneliness and isolation of his farmers by allowing a wagon to approach from the distant horizon throughout a long scene of dialogue and suggests the growing solidity of the little group by playing a funeral scene in tremendous long shots that include the entire crossroads community where sit the enemy, the ranchers who have threatened to drive them off their land. He catches the animal fury of a fight by shooting it between the skittery legs of a panicking horse. Throughout, his cameras point insistently to the physical beauties of the place—the play of light on the distant mountains, the golden skies after a shower, the vast expanse of green and coppery fields. But none of this is merely travelogue prettiness. Nature enters dynamically into the development of the story, its moods matching and underlining the dramatic action.

As Shane, Alan Ladd has one of his best roles, and gives what is surely his most rewarding performance. Tight-lipped, laconic, assured, he repeats a characterization that has become standard with him. But this time his good bad man is credible; it is as if the character Ladd has created so often on the screen has at last been traced back to its authentic origins. Van Heflin, Jean Arthur, and young Brandon De Wilde are sympathetic as the farm family, Jack

SR Recommends

Shane: Reviewed in this issue.

Call Me Madam: The uninhibited Ethel Merman in an engaging movie adaptation of the Lindsay-Crouse-Berlin show. (*SR* Apr. 4.)

Lili: Waif Leslie Caron wanders into a French carnival and takes up with the puppets in a charming musical. (*SR* Mar. 7.)

Justice Is Done: A French courtroom drama which poses a haunting human problem. (*SR* Feb. 28.)

Crash of Silence: Reviewed under its original title, "The Story of Mandy." Mandy is a seven-year-old deaf mute whose story is told in this sympathetic and adult British film. (*SR* Feb. 28.)

I Confess: Alfred Hitchcock conducts a victimized priest through numerous suspenseful tribulations in this thriller. (*SR* Feb. 21.)

My Cousin Rachel: Olivia de Havilland in a photoplay of Daphne du Maurier's melodrama. (*SR* Jan. 17.)

Little World of Don Camillo: Don Camillo, the priest, and Peppone, the Communist mayor, wrestle for the soul of an Italian village in this comedy-satire based on Giovanni Guareschi's novel. (*SR* Jan. 17.)

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RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Showplace of the Nation
Rockefeller Center

ALAN LADD
JEAN ARTHUR
VAN HEFLIN
in GEORGE STEVENS'
Production of
"SHANE"
co-starring
BRANDON DE WILDE
and
JACK PALANCE
color by
TECHNICOLOR
Produced and Directed by
George Stevens
A Paramount Picture

ON THE GREAT STAGE
"Saludos Amigos"
Gala new revue produced by Russell Markert, settings by James Stewart Morcom, Rockettes, Corps de Ballet, Choral Ensemble and the Music Hall Symphony Orchestra directed by Raymond Paige.

Palance suitably menacing as the imported gunman. "Shane" is a big Western, with all the barroom brawls, the riding, and the shooting indigenous to the breed. Perhaps because it is a big Western, it has a tendency to talk out its problems a bit too much, to draw out its climaxes a little too far. But few films in this genre, big or little, have so well succeeded in conveying both the substance and the meaning of the eternal Western conflict between the Goods and the Bads.

FROM France comes a delightfully off-beat costume swashbuckler, "Fanfan the Tulip." Done with much of the swank and swagger that made the old Fairbanks films so appealing, it is a deft and decidedly Gallic satire on love and war, a parody of the innumerable pictures that have treated both these subjects far more seriously but no more sensibly. Fanfan, its hero, is an amorous young rogue who accepts wholeheartedly a gypsy's prediction that he will find glory in the Army and come to marry a daughter of the King. Even when he discovers that the gypsy is in fact the daughter of the Army's local recruiting sergeant, he still has no hesitation about signing up in pursuit of his destiny. As it turns out, the girl was absolutely right—although not precisely in the way she had foretold. In the meantime there is a plethora of high-spirited, good-humored swordplay, and some rather sardonic comment on the way war was waged back in the eighteenth century. Director Christian-Jacque has obviously studied our Westerns in preparation for this picture, learning from them how to stage a running fight across the rooftops, how to hold up a stagecoach (which, under the changed circumstances, becomes a King's carriage—but no matter, the technique is the same), or win a war virtually single-handed. All the energy of our Westerns is in these scenes, but also a wild exaggeration that makes such incidents hilarious rather than melodramatic.

Add to this Henri Jeanson's sparkling, sophisticated dialogue, Gérard Philippe's exuberant charm as the spirited Fanfan, an elegant portrayal of Louis XV by Marcel Herrand, and the beauteous Gina Lollobrigida in period gowns that might well have given pause to the censors. The result is an agreeable, often exhilarating, and always stylish spoof of both a past era and a present type of film making.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
BRIGHT SERPENT *James M. Fox* (Little, Brown: $2.75)	John and Suzy Marshall, So. Cal. pvt. eye team, look into disappearance of 4-yr.-old daughter of big-dough souse.	Good up to ending, which tends toward goofy side.	Medium
AKIN TO MURDER *Kathleen Moore Knight* (Crime Club: $2.50)	Three perish on New England isle before Selectman Elisha Macomber fingers killer.	Outsize family occupies too much of stage; handling competent as usual.	Standard
THE LODGER *Marie Belloc Lowndes* (Longmans: $2.75)	Reissue of classic piece based on Jack the Ripper case (Victorian London).	40-year-old chiller has lost none of punch; still among the best.	Reread it
WASHINGTON WHISPERS MURDER *Leslie Ford* (Scribners: $2.50)	Smearing Congressman raises hob in D.C.; enter murder, enter also Col. Primrose with answer.	Nice setting, sprightly telling, make up in part for spotty story.	Average
THE BLUSHING MONKEY *Roman McDougald* (Simon & Schuster: $2.50)	Elderly N. Y. playboy done in; pet simian all over place; cops adjust matters.	Characters on odd side; police highly discursive; action jerky.	Medium
NO BAIL FOR THE JUDGE *Henry Cecil* (Harpers: $2.50)	British jurist's daughter hires burglar to free old gent from noose's shadow.	Takeable if reader can clear two or three high opening hurdles.	Novelty number

—SERGEANT CUFF.

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TV and Radio

COMICAL GENTLEWOMEN

THE Burns and Allen program a few weeks ago was all about a stole which Gracie's neighbor had bought and wanted Gracie to hide because her husband (the neighbor's, that is) mustn't know about it, but as it turned out Gracie's husband seemed to think she had bought it, and—

There are two dozen teams of situation comedy writers, mostly on the West Coast, who could, often do, go on from there, and the results can hardly be told one from the other. But the Burns and Allen show remains pretty special, and as I watched it two simple reasons became evident: they are, as they've always been, wonderful comedians; and they still use a lot of verbal comedy—they have taken radio along with them and it is very, very good. For instance, the complications about the stole were further complicated by the supposition—I can't remember how *that* got into the act—that it had been stolen, and in her bright and convincing way Gracie played with the idea of a stolen stole, making it more a conceit than a pun, and ending with one of her classic remarks to George: "Why, if you don't believe me when I'm telling the truth, when I'm not telling the truth you might think I was lying."

The quality of Gracie is too well known to be surprising, but the way the carry-over from radio has been accomplished is equally noteworthy. As the program came to an end, all problems were resolved and Harry, the neighbor's husband, cheerfully paid up for the stole and was cheerfully kissed. At which Gracie said, "If someone gave me a stole I'd kiss Harry, too," and promptly George entered with a stole and Gracie did kiss Harry. Sight and sound were like those ideal couples who are perfectly mated yet always surprise one another and charm us because they have the same center and move at different tangents.

The admirable George Burns has carried over not only a bit of radio, but something of the old Palace Theatre. It is that opening speech to the public, the tradition of which was so brightly parodied by Adlai Stevenson when he said, "Something funny happened to me on the way to the White House . . ." Bob Hope does it, and once in a while Benny also, and it is never entirely successful, perhaps because, as Goodman Ace has suggested, the timing required is different—which must be especially true in a filmed TV-comedy. But the slight uncertainty works well for George Burns in this way, that it falls in with the relation of his character to Gracie—the air of total failure to understand her and total indulgence and faith in her. In the creation of instant merriment, Gracie easily comes first; in the creation of the atmosphere of comedy, of which the quick laugh-getter is only a part, and not the best part at that, George is the prime mover.

And here, it seems to me, the Burns and Allen show, which has been a situation comedy for a generation at least, shows up the newcomers and—in its bland way—gives a lesson that even the makers of "I Love Lucy" might take to heart. For Lucy and her imitators come up with a situation all right, but it is in the air without having atmosphere. On the same night as I followed the nonsense about Gracie and the stole, I saw "I Love Lucy" and felt again a sort of pang at the way in which two-thirds of Lucille Ball's talents were left unused. She wanted something—I've forgotten what—and in order to get it got the idea, it doesn't matter where, to pretend to be in a state of traumatic shock. That allowed her to do an imitation of Bankhead and to have amnesia and to fall back on her childhood—and these bits were not only very funny, they recaptured for us the great comic artist last seen in the movies, the naturally gifted woman with instincts absolutely right and a frenzy of activity rare in women comedians, and irresistible.

There were other good spots and, being good, they also illustrated the weakness of the whole. Rick has an ad in the paper for dancers for his show. Lucy and her friend are ready for him. The moment he enters the door, they go into their dance routine; this is timing as created by a skilful cutter of film. It was funny and so was Rick's, "Don't call us—we'll call you."

The whole show is made up of such bits. They exist for themselves. Perhaps because the situations are a little weak, their development is always exaggerated and we run to farce rather than comedy. That is legitimate enough, but it also requires an atmosphere, it requires characters, human beings in preposterous situations, and a moment must come when we identify ourselves with the people, laughing only at the situations. In spite of the highly publicized private-and-filmic life of Lucy and Desi, they do not put over any relationship to me, they are separate parts of a team.

Naturally, the imitators have picked on the spots that make the audience howl loudest, and in the case of some established programs have broken into whatever was strong in their framework to make room for the sensational bits. I never felt that "Our Miss Brooks" was a great comedy series (and always felt it was rather pathetic that school teachers were grateful to be shown in its light); but it did have an atmosphere of its own, and when I saw Eve Arden, whose comedic gifts again are very personal, being directed into the style of Lucille Ball, I sensed the real danger that cycles and huge ratings can bring. That a dozen imitators of any success will spring up is inevitable, and that many of them fail is satisfactory.

UNTOUCHED by the mania for Lucillism is Miss Imogene Coca, who steadily develops her own line. It is a line a little too pointed at times, a little too emphatic, but it is always deft and it has some fascinating overtones. The best thing I've seen her do this year was her song and dance, as a sort of waif-tramp, to the music of "Wrap up Your Troubles in Dreams," which was like something a child might draw on a steamed window-pane; you watched it almost breathless, afraid it might vanish. Her domestic scenes with Sid Caesar are almost all played in a broad vein—their relationship seems to be established for good as one of mutual and explosive hostility; but within that circumference Miss Coca has sudden reversals to understatement, to flashes of malicious glee, to delicate parodies of sentiment, all of the first order.

Our women comedians can no longer, alas, see Fannie Brice. They can, and should, observe Miss Bea Lillie at virtually any moment in virtually any sketch she chooses to do.

—GILBERT SELDES.

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Music to My Ears

YOUNG COMPOSERS AT THE LEAGUE—RUBINSTEIN'S SAINT-SAENS

JUST when it seemed that a music season could produce little that others of the past had not provided, this one did, just the other evening in the downstairs auditorium of the Museum of Modern Art. This was a program under the auspices of the League of Composers which suggested nothing so much as a trip to an unknown destination by an undisclosed route. Not only were the names of the composers wholly unfamiliar; the performers were substantially as anonymous (till Jacob Krachmalnick, the excellent concertmaster of the Philadelphia Orchestra, took the first chair in the Stringart Quartet in place of its absent leader Morris Shulik).

"Young American Composers" read the announcement, which seemed a mite strange, since the biographical sketches showed the youngest of the group, Robert K. Clark, to be twenty-eight, two as old as thirty-three, the other two twenty-nine and thirty-one. But one also noticed that without exception they shared a stretch of years in the same "finishing school"—neither Curtis, Juilliard, nor Eastman, but the United States Army. That is a new note in esthetics, and one that is likely to be heard for some time.

How typical this evening was of current native trends only an expert better versed in the subject than I could answer. Noticeable, however, was the absence of such fanciful titles as "Apparitions," "Aberrations," "Futilities," etc., which one used to see attached to the beginning works of "modern" composers good enough to be heard in public places. There were, rather, piano sonatas by Paul Des Marais and Hall Overton, a sonata for solo violin by Clark, a string quartet by Allen Sapp, and seven songs on Lorca texts by Leonard Rosenman.

This inclination toward formal discipline is interesting if, in the old phrase, true. That is, if it is an indication of a new feeling about form, so long deprecated by the experimenters and shock-troops of composition, rather than merely a consequence of the fact that two of the composers are Juilliard products, two from Harvard, and thus in bondage to academic fetters. However, I was struck by the feeling for sonata form in the Des Marais sonata, if not too much by anything else, and the Sapp quartet had a degree of expertness not at all common.

On the side of fantasy, the musical scales were rather lightly balanced. Rosenman's songs on the meaningless—to me—texts of Lorca had more of it than anything else, also a lively sense of the duality desirable between voice and piano. Unfortunately, Eleanor Daniels, who sang them, was not too well in command of their content, despite a usable mezzo-soprano voice and good English enunciation. Clark's not particularly idiomatic violin sonata was ably rendered by Francis Chaplin, and Lalan Parrott was the vigorous pianist in Overton's Coplandish sonata. The small audience which stood watch over the birth of these aspirations could not be described as unduly emotional; rather it displayed a patient fondness traditionally appropriate to an infant's first cries.

* * *

Doubtless Artur Rubinstein has played the G minor Concerto of Saint-Saëns and the "Variations Symphoniques" of César Franck sometime or other in New York prior to his mid-April appearance with the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra, but the rarity with which these works are favored by first rank virtuosi these days gave them a perverse kind of interest. There is, after all, a middle ground between Beethoven and Brahms, or Tchaikovsky and Rachmaninoff, which need not be so snobbishly ignored as it has been lately.

Rubinstein's authority and stylistic sense, his encompassing facility and deceptive ease made a particularly sportive thing of the Saint-Saëns. Historically a *pièce d'occasion* brought into being by another Rubinstein (Anton, for a Paris concert of the 1860's), it adds together a remarkable string of sophisticated pleasantries which profits from the art of a Rubinstein, as Wilde does from the poise of a Gielgud or an Evans. From the opening improvisatory arpeggios to the last bravura chord he made evident his faith that playing the piano can be a pleasure as well as a profession, and that the listener may, on occasion, relish being entertained rather than perpetually uplifted. If the Franck lacked a similar quota of finesse, it could be that it did not arouse, in Rubinstein, quite the same instinct for the chase that the Saint-Saëns did.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

King Gustaf V

By Norreys Jephson O'Conor

THE old king sits in the foyer of the Casino
At Monte Carlo—a slight figure in a huge chair.
The enormous rosette in the lapel of his dark coat
Holds the eye. He is set apart like an animal
In a show as he waits for his equerry.
Rapidly his glance sums up the people gathering
For the concert: international pleasure seekers, idlers,
A few of the serious-minded. Like a procession
Of figures in a seventeenth century frieze,
A modern Dance of Death,
They represent a period reaching its apogee,
As a wave about to splinter
In foaming and flashing fragments.

Did the old king, while one day in the thirties
He sat resting, foresee the future?
The struggle with arms and between ideologies,
The travail of a world shedding its worn-out skin,
Hampered by the hardening of materialism
Seeking to encase its new and tender body.
In his eyes was a gleam of prescience,
As if he sensed already the shattering years
And, with the far-sightedness of old age,
Pierced the barriers dividing finite from infinite

Now bells are tolled for his passing,
Swiftly an age is hidden in mists of forgetfulness.

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the Secret of "Enigma"

WHAT IS the answer to the riddle of the late Sir Edward Elgar's famed composition, "Enigma Variations"?

This Saturday, May 2, the Mutual Broadcasting System, in co-operation with the British Broadcasting Corporation, will present a trans-Atlantic discussion of Elgar and his work on the *SHOW SHOP* program. Participating in this discussion will be, in England:

> Mrs. Elgar Blake, daughter of Sir Edward Elgar; Ernest Hall, prominent British music critic and former friend of Elgar

And in New York:

> Walter Preston, MC of Mutual's Show Shop program; Irving Kolodin, music editor of *Saturday Review*

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Consult your local listings for time and station of Mutual's SHOW SHOP on May 2.

Mutual Broadcasting System

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WEST AFRICA: SELF-GOVERNMENT ON TRIAL

(*Continued from page* 19)

lized"—meaning "Westernized"—African and the "native," which is usually taken to mean the non-literate or "non-Westernized" African. This too often takes the form of an attitude of superiority assumed by the educated elite in relation to the masses. The list of such problems is almost inexhaustible.

Implicit in these problems, however, is a larger one. West Africa does not consist of only the British colonies I have mentioned. It includes not only the 105-year-old Republic of Liberia but also colonies, protectorates, and trust territories of France, Spain, and Portugal organized into every imaginable type of colonial administration. It is perhaps the most fragmented portion of Africa. This vast area—equal to California, New Mexico, and Texas combined, occupying the strategically important West African bulge facing the Atlantic between latitudes 4 and 14 degrees north of the equator—has been called "the most politically confused portion in the whole African continent." The frontiers that exist here were made by Europeans and had no relation to African needs or realities. It is obvious that one of the greatest problems of the future for the Africans of this area is to make some geographic and political sense out of the region we live in or else fall into a Balkanized chaos from which none will benefit. It is in response to this need that many Africans have for a long time dreamed of an eventual West African Federation.

This, of course, flies in the face of the hopes of those Europeans who want to hold on to their power in this area. It also comes into conflict with the narrower nationalist attitudes of Africans who think in terms of "Nigeria for the Nigerians" or "Sierra Leone for the Sierra Leoneans." But the more immediate obstacle to greater coherence is European. The French, who control so much of West Africa, hope to incorporate it into a Greater France which goes by the name of French Union. They hope that their African colonies will be satisfied with some degree of internal autonomy, plus representation in the central organs of France and the French Union, instead of seeking independence in the generally accepted sense of that term.

SINCE the British system appears to be more conducive to self-determination, many West Africans think that it is around the present British colonies that the structure of the future will have to be built. They think, moreover, that as self-government rapidly develops in the British territories, France will be forced by internal pressures in her own areas to change her policy.

This may seem to be projecting things quite far into the future. But it may not be as far as some people fondly believe. West Africa is too important, in this period of acute power struggle especially, to be left unregarded in the march of events. Europeans and Americans cannot afford to forget that the great battles fought in Africa in the last war might have had a different outcome if the African peoples had been actively hostile. Americans would do well to recall the joint statement made in 1943 by President Roosevelt and President Getulio Vargas of Brazil in which they cited the mounting importance of West Africa to hemispheric defense and said: "The coasts of West Africa (and Dakar) must never be allowed to become the basis of a threat of blockade or invasion to the Americas." Moreover, even for the needs of a prolonged cold war the Western world must include in its calculation of its assets the vitally needed raw materials of West Africa: uranium, manganese, chrome ore, industrial diamonds, columbite, lignite, zinc, tin, gold, palm oil. The politics of West Africa in the coming years may determine whether these really shall be assets available to the Western world or whether that world will have to seek its survival without them.

That is why any West African who believes in the best values of Western civilization as he has absorbed them will most urgently second the warning expressed last summer by forty African representatives at the Conference on African Affairs held in Springfield, Ohio, under the auspices of the National Council of Churches of Christ in America. Their resolution warned that failure would attend any efforts by the West, as represented by NATO, to subordinate the legitimate interests and aspirations of the African peoples to the purely military and economic interests of the West itself.

Meanwhile we Africans have to grapple with our own problems and prove to ourselves that we can begin to solve them. We have to harness, organize, and utilize our resources to serve our own needs and the needs of the bigger African and free world community of which we want to be a part. Rejecting the white man's racism and prejudices, we also have to liberate ourselves from our own. Rejecting alien domination, we must establish regimes which will do better than merely change the skin color of those who dominate. If the people of the West will really help us accomplish these ends, they will never have to fear—as many of them fear now—that the only alternative to European control in Africa is Communist control. What we in West Africa seek, for our part, is an end to all kinds of domination, be it white, red, or black. A start in this direction has been made in West Africa but, viewing all Africa, there is yet a long way to go.

World in the Woods

By I. L. Salomon

THOUGH the ill-used path and trodden fern
told of no song, the animate word
of water like a chattering bird
livened the brook at tree-root and turn.

And here where the sun seldom achieves
solar perspective, a young deer's skull
lay topside up,—an unbeautiful
relic allotted to last year's leaves.

With my boot I gingerly touched the thin
papery bone that flaked at once,
as a knob of snow after winter suns
trickled drop by drop on the under-chin.

Music the bird-voiced water told
closed on my heart, not unaware
of the useless skull, as the brook's loud air
and the intimate song in the vein ran cold.

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MAU MAU: AN AFRICAN'S VIEW

(*Continued from page* 17)

tive "liberators." Religion and oath-taking are but a means—and an effective means—of marshaling the discontented for an essentially political purpose.

Political rights may still be a vague idea to most Africans, but land is another matter. Every African understands and loves the land with almost religious devotion. The 16,000 square miles of fertile and healthy highlands reserved for European farms have been a source of grievance ever since their alienation from African ownership. The issue has become progressively more explosive as the African population in the Native Reserves has continued to increase at an alarming rate. In Nyanza province, home of the Dini ya Msambwa, it has been estimated that about 900 persons live on one square mile. In Central Province, scene of Mau Mau activities, land shortage—as the Kenya Government admits—has reached alarming dimensions.

The land controversy in Kenya is not simply a serious economic issue but is also a key example of the split between different concepts of law and justice. To the British it seemed only fair that the land in Kenya, which was quite sparsely occupied by a people whose agriculture was purely on a subsistence level, should be handed over to the more efficient white farmers. To give the transfer legal basis, the Crown Land Ordinance of 1915 and the Order in Council of 1921 made the colony a property of the Crown and the Africans residing there became, according to the Kenya High Court, "tenants-at-will" of the Crown.

To the African, on the other hand, the issue looked quite different. Under our traditional land tenure, people owned land in trust for the entire tribe or clan. Individual families could buy and sell land within the group but could not sell to "outsiders." It was a matter not only of economic security but social duty that the holders of the land should administer their trust faithfully and hand it down to the coming generations. Loss of the land was therefore not merely a severe economic loss to these Africans, but a failure to maintain the trust of the whole tribe. Since the African land tenure system does not recognize land ownership rights for "outsiders," Africans remain convinced to this day that the land was stolen from them by the white men.

Now that our people are crowded painfully in the reservations, this long-standing grievance is reaching the point of ignition. Repeated delegations to England, protests in the press, conferences with officials, have produced no hope at all of a settlement or alleviation. The resulting frustration has aggravated the anti-settler feeling among the Kikuyus and all other tribes in the colony as well. Many Africans are convinced that Kenya will be much better off without the white settlers. Hence there is a response when an extreme group like the Mau Mau comes along and asks, in the words of the old Watu wa Mungu song: "What are you waiting for?"

AN American field researcher recently observed that the feelings of the rural African in Kenya are very much "bottled up." Their organizations have been suppressed or discouraged, and since most of these people are illiterate the African nationalist press is no outlet for them either. To almost all of them, the white man is the symbol of their troubles. I remember before I left for the United States that an old man came to me and said: "Be careful, son, when you have a white man around, you have trouble; when you have lots of them around, you have lots of trouble." This was a man with virtually no interest in politics, just an old eight-acre farmer giving advice to a youngster going far away to a white man's country.

African mistrust of the white man is now widespread. The discrepancy between the white man's professed democracy and religion and his behavior toward Africans has become so glaringly evident that practically anything proposed by any white man is, *a priori*, subject to suspicion and mistrust. Only such remarkable white men in Africa as Albert Schweitzer, Michael Scott, or the late Archdeacon Owen of Kenya can win African confidence. They are very few in number.

That the rural African considers the European as a usurper is shown by the fact that the African guilty of violating some law or regulation really feels no guilt at all. Immediately the white man theorizes: "The African is not developed enough to appreciate the meaning of law and order." But what he does not see is that the issue is not concept of law and order but legitimacy of authority. The African's loyalty to the laws and practices of his community is almost one of religious dedication. European authority, on the other hand, does not have, for the African, any community sanction, and this sanction, resembling the Westerners' doctrine of government by consent of the governed, is essential if there is to be popular

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A NEW DIRECTIONS BOOK

Maude Hutchins

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observance of the law. Up to a point the European can force compliance but he can never win it. Indifference toward European law and authority and sometimes downright defiance of it has become almost fashionable now among people who at the same time revere their own laws and leaders of their own choice with complete devotion. That is why a man like Jomo Kenyatta (leader of the Kenya African Union convicted for alleged complicity in Mau Mau activities) is more readily obeyed in many quarters than Government officials.

IT IS the oft-defended theory of the European in Africa that democracy has to be based on a certain quality that men acquire through long evolution. Europeans, they say, have acquired this quality. The Africans have not. It follows that European rule over the Africans is rightful and necessary. Needless to say, the effort to actualize this theory has only added fire to Kenya-African resentment of white-settler rule.

The African who has found the means of self-expression today asserts his equality with the rest of humanity. He denies that differences of racial or cultural background has anything to do with the exercise of political rights. To those who talk of more gradual change, he points out that Britain ruled India for centuries, and when she left India was still about 80 per cent illiterate. He points to the existence of only five senior high schools for the whole African population of Kenya, and in this finds evidence to doubt the colonialists' efforts or intentions or both.

Unless he is successfully deformed by the pressure of the Europeans, this African will continue to hate racism, whether practised by blacks or whites, Westerners or Easterners. He will not compromise his basic belief in human equality and the ability of Africans to determine their own fate. He wants to take over the reins of Government, for he cannot trust the white man who holds those reins now. When he is told that he does not have enough experience to run a government, he points out that the present arrangement does not offer him much of an opportunity to gain this experience. With Aristotle, he holds that the only way to learn to play the harp is to play the harp.

Too much violence chills the hearts of many a man and the African is no exception. But Kenya can be insured against this violence only if there is some way in which the rural African can air his grievances without fear, instead of being bottled up until a "liberator" comes around to provide a different kind of an outlet for discontent. Further, these grievances must be met by genuine effort of the Europeans to cooperate with the leaders whom the Africans—and not necessarily the European officials—regard as their bona fide leaders.

It has to be understood and accepted that the Africans expect their leaders to lead them in a measurable time to complete self-determination. Instead of just parroting vacantly the argument that if the Europeans move out the Communists will move in, the Europeans should have sense enough to encourage and foster the democratic non-violent development of Africans toward the goal of freedom

within the next decade. Only if this goal is achieved through Western cooperation will the African be able to see the true dimensions of the threat of Communism. Today he sees only Western imperialism and racism as his foe.

Moreover, the West has to display real opposition to racial discrimination as practised in Africa. Silence on Malanism and the settler-leadership in East and Central Africa will only lead the African to think that the West approves such racist doctrines and behavior.

Finally, every possible assistance and encouragement has to be given to African self-help projects, such as farmers' cooperatives, community-sponsored independent schools, fellowships for higher education, and credit-union organizations. These projects are already being enthusiastically supported by Africans. Help, both in money and trained personnel, not only by governments but by voluntary private agencies, is needed and will be welcome if it is offered with good will and recognition that the African is on the way to running his own affairs.

ENGLISHMAN'S VIEW

(Continued from page 18)

sible to give them the adjoining White Highlands occupied by the European settlers. Not unnaturally, however, the crowded Kikuyu look across the road to these roomy estates with land-hungry eyes.

Furthermore, although the march of civilization has not yet brought the Kikuyu to Western standards, it has brought them some of the way, and they are no longer the simple people they were. They have appreciated the improvements in agriculture, at least in part, the freedom of movement, and education, and demand more, far more. When the missionaries came, they found that to spread the Gospel they had to organize education. While many Kikuyu became good Christians, many came to the missions for the material benefits that Western education offered, rather than for spiritual reasons. Such men lost faith in the old religion and grew no roots in Christianity. It was among these men that Mau Mau developed.

THIS, then, is the background to the origin of Mau Mau. In 1922 the Kikuyu Central Association was formed to recover what the Kikuyu thought of as their "lost lands." However, the association soon became subversive and went underground, working up hate against the Government and Europeans in all ways they could. Missionary opposition to certain Kikuyu rites brought hatred on them too. This led to the formation of separatist churches and independent schools, and these are the immediate sources from which Mau Mau sprung.

Later, the Kenya African Union was formed. Though its aim was to include all Africans, it still remained mostly Kikuyu, and to it came the leaders of the former KCA. Indeed, Jomo Kenyatta, who was Secretary General of the KCA, became the president of the KAU. What the exact connection between the KAU and Mau Mau is has not yet emerged, but Kenyatta has been convicted for involvement in Mau Mau.

Mau Mau itself, at least the oath-taking part of it, which is such a prominent feature of it, seems to have first appeared in 1948, when a rumor was started that the forthcoming visit of the Duke of Gloucester to confer city status on Nairobi was to be accompanied by further land alienation. Most Kikuyu—and others—regard

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Mau Mau as the KCA in its underground disguise. What the actual word means is not known even amongst most Kikuyu.

The consequences of Mau Mau on the fortunes of Kenya were, of course, serious. Kenya has hitherto been lightly policed, being normally a peaceful and orderly land, and there has been no need for elaborate machinery to deal with criminal organizations. This has now, unfortunately, to be built up, as—it is to be hoped—a temporary need. In the meantime, the rising revulsion of the Kikuyu themselves against Mau Mau has led to an increasing flow of information leading to the arrest of criminals. Kikuyu are now offering themselves as special constables in the Home Guard.

To assist Africa in the difficult problem of transferring from a primitive subsistence agriculture to a much more productive system, Britain has contributed financially to a Ten Year Plan. Great efforts have been made by the Government to teach new methods, and many Africans have taken full advantage of them. Advances have taken place in the Kikuyu Reserve as elsewhere, but the Mau Mau leaders have among other things stirred up opposition to better agriculture, going so far as to incite people to destroy contour terraces and other improvement works.

The Kenya Government and the British Government are resolved that the present emergency shall interfere as little as possible with plans for the improvement of the lot of the Africans as of all other peoples of Kenya. The normal work of rural betterment and community development goes on, and especial emphasis is being laid on housing, notably in urban areas. Given a restoration of public order, the outlook is a hopeful one. Much rests on the leadership shown not by Government only but by the leaders of all communities.

Politically, Kenya is faced with the difficult task of creating a multiracial community with people of different races and communities living together in harmony. The difficulties are obviously very great, but they must not be exaggerated. It would be blank defeatism to assume that they are unsurmountable.

In 1951, when I revisited Kenya for the first time in twenty-five years, one change impressed itself on me more profoundly than it might on a visitor seeing the country for the first time. This was the growth of friendly contact between white settlers and Africans. It is nowhere as extensive as it ought to be, considering the world situation today, but it is much too firmly established to be dismissed as the sporadic efforts of a few well-disposed individuals. When I commented on this to one observer, I was told that it was the growth of the last few years only.

There may very well be a setback on both sides in developing cooperation after Mau Mau has been suppressed, but it seems to me that there is considerable hope. The Europeans are politically dominant, but the really responsible European leaders of the settlers are firmly determined to seek a *modus vivendi* and a partnership with the Africans, and in agreement with them to move towards self-government in Kenya. It is the policy of the British Government that this should happen, and it is the intention that when, to put it colloquially, things have cooled down, a body should be set up representative of all groups in the Legislative Council under an independent chairman from outside Kenya to consider what constitutional changes should be made.

Lithe Shadow

By Harriet Gray Blackwell

I feel your silver-pointed fur
Beneath my hand that rests on space,
And your companionable purr
Is part of wakeful nights. Your grace
Is moonlight with a shadow lithe
As any mood; your eyes are green,
Green as sea water, and as blithe
As spring. Black cushioned paws are seen,
Not heard, and saber claws are sheathed;
Again I tweak a tufted ear
And think I watch black whiskers wreathed
In Cheshire grins. I almost hear
You call me at the kitchen door. . . .
I move toward it, and then my heart
Is fainter than it was before,
Knowing it futile now to start.

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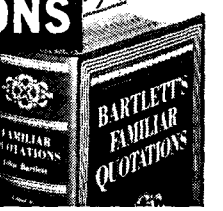

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SR's World Travel Calendar

JULY, AUGUST

Austria

MUSIC TEACHERS' CONGRESS *(July 15-23, Bad Aussee and Salzburg)*: Persons prominent in music in Europe and USA to lead discussions on pedagogical questions, etc.

BREGENZ FESTIVAL *(July 25-August 16, Bregenz)*: Ballet, operettas. "Boccaccio," "The Conspiracy of Fiesco at Genoa."

SALZBURG FESTIVAL *(July 26-August 30, Salzburg)*: "Everyman," "Don Giovanni," "Der Rosenkavalier," "Marriage of Figaro," and concerts.

FAIR *(July 31-August 9, Dornbirn)*: The 5th Export-Pattern Fair, with emphasis on textiles.

FORUM OF AUSTRIAN COLLEGE *(August 15-September 4, Alpbach, Tyrol)*: "What Is Man?" main topic.

Belgium

ILLUMINATIONS *(July 5, Bruges)*: Special lighting on canals, historic monuments.

PROCESSION *(July 26, Furnes)*: Famous parade of the Penitents. Long Religious march carrying heavy crosses.

GIANTS *(August 1, Ypres)*: Appearance of "Goliath" the carnival attraction.

RELIGIOUS CELEBRATION *(August 15, Liege)*: Grand folklore procession, blessing of loaves.

CYCLE RACE *(August 24, Jambes)*: "Jean Materne" Grand Prix for professionals.

Britain

TENNIS *(July 1-4, Wimbledon, Surrey)*: All-England lawn championships.

GOLF *(July 6-10, Carnoustie, Angus)*: The British Open Championship.

EISTEDDFOD *(July 7-12, Llangollen, Denbighshire)*: International choral festival.

CHAMBER MUSIC *(July 11-18, Haslemere, Surrey)*: Program of early chamber music.

CANTERBURY FESTIVAL *(July 15-August 8, Canterbury, Kent)*: Religious music, drama in famous church.

SONGFEST *(August 1-8, Rhyl, Flintshire)*: Royal National Eisteddfod of Wales.

Canada

ART, SONG FESTIVAL *(July 5-11, Ste-Adèle, Quebec)*: Concerts, ballet, exhibitions of leatherwork.

STAMPEDE *(July 6-11, Calgary, Alberta)*: One of most famous rodeo shows in the world; Indian ceremonials.

SHAKESPEAREAN FESTIVAL *(July 12-August 15, Stratford, Ontario)*: Alec Guinness in "Richard III," "All's Well That Ends Well."

HIGHLAND GAMES *(July 22, Antigonish, N. S.)*: Scottish athletic events.

Denmark

DANISH-AMERICAN FESTIVAL *(July 4, Aalborg)*: Salute to America's Independence Day in Rebild Park usually atracts 40,000. Music, singing, dancing.

TILTING TOURNAMENT *(July 12-14, Sonderberg)*: Several hundred horses and riders. Pageant, fun-fair, fireworks.

ASPHALT BALL *(July 18, Nykobing, Zeeland)*: Annual civic festival high point of vacation time. Dancing, pageant, concerts.

RADIOLOGY CONGRESS *(July 19-25, Copenhagen)*: Seventh international meeting. About 1,500 delegates expected including Prof. Niels Bohr.

FAIR *(August 6-16, Fredericia)*: The 43rd Danish Industries Fair, showing silver, china, dairy products.

France

MUSIC FESTIVALS: *(July 1-7, Prades)*: Orchestral, chamber music programs. Works of Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, Schubert, Rudolf Serkin, Myra Hess, William Kapell, Pablo Casals presiding. *(July 1-12, Sceaux)*: Lina Dachary, Paul Derenne, Jean Piat. *(July 10-30, Aix-en-Provence)*: "Barber of Seville," "Cosi fan tutte," concerts. *(July 15-26, Avignon)*: "Henri VI," "Les Fourberies de Scapin" and a French contemporary work. *(July 25-August 2, Orange)*: Two operas, a tragedy, a musical spectacle. *(August 3-14, Menton)*: Piano recitals, orchestra concerts. Amadeus Quartet.

FOUNTAINS *(July 5, 12, 14, 19, 26; August 2, 9, 16, 30, Versailles)*.

FESTIVAL *(August 1-6, Bayonne)*: Traditional folkloric celebration. Basque dances, games, music, bull fights.

PILGRIMAGE *(August 15, Lourdes)*: Annual trek to the famous shrine.

Germany

MOZART FESTIVAL *(July 11-25, Würzburg)*: Two chamber music concerts, four symphonic concerts. Sacred concert in St. Stephan's Church. Eugen Jochum, conductor.

"DIE KINDERZECHE" *(July 17-22, Dinkelsbuhl)*: Traditional children's feast. Play based on event in Thirty Years' War when town's children became heroes.

OPERA FESTIVAL *(July 22-August 23, Munich)*: "Arabella," "Orpheum and Eurydice," "Die Meistersinger," "Salome." Ballet.

WAGNER FESTIVAL *(July 23-August 23, Bayreuth)*: "Lohengrin," "Parsifal," "Das Rheingold." "Die Walkure," "Siegfried," "Gotterdammerung," "Tristan und Isolde." Conductors: Joseph Keilberth, Hans Knappertsbusch.

BERLIN'S FESTIVAL *(August 30-September 20)*: Premiere of "Process," an opera; two plays in court of Charlottenburg Castle; chamber music; Verdi's "Reguiem," and Schoenberg's "Dance Around the Golden Calf."

Hawaii

BON DANCES *(Week-ends in July, August, all islands)*: Buddhists dance, chant near flower-covered towers.

HULA FESTIVAL *(August 2, 9, 16, 23, Waikiki)*: Hip-swinging, old, new, comic.

Ireland

HORSE RACE *(July 11, Curragh, Kildare)*: The famous Irish Oaks.

HORSE SHOW WEEK *(August 4-8, Dublin)*: International jumping contests; judging animals; fair.

Italy

PALIO *(July 2 and August 16, Siena)*: Italy's most famous ancient horse race; banner waving contests.

OPERA DRAMA *(July 15-August 20, Verona)*: The thirty-first opera season at the Roman Arena; sixth drama festival at the Roman Theatre.

REGATTA *(August 2, Venice)*: Boat race to Murano.

FILMS *(August 8-18, Venice)*: Scientific and Art Documentaries; Films for Boys; exhibition.

RELIGIOUS PROCESSION *(August 14, Siena)*: "The Offer of the Taper."

VENICE FILM FESTIVAL *(August 20-September 12)*: The XIV annual showing.

GONDOLA PARADE *(August 22, Venice)*: Nighttime festival on Grand Canal.

Japan

FESTIVAL *(July 11, Soma)*: Features horsemen in dress of feudal warriors.

FEAST OF LANTERNS *(July 12-16, throughout Japan)*: Folk dances on memorial day.

PARADE *(July 15-24, Kyoto)*: Parade of floats daily for 10 days.

BONFIRE *(August 16, Kyoto)*: Big blaze atop Mt. Nyoi-ga-dake.

Mexico

FIESTA *(July 20, rain date July 27, Oaxaca)*: Folkloric dances.

COSTUME SHOW *(July 25, San Luis Potosi)*: Clothing decorated with ornaments, flowers, exotic designs.

PROCESSION *(August 8, Paracho, Michoacan)*: Big attraction parade of girls following a bull.

FESTIVAL *(August 13-16, Juchitan, Oaxaca)*: Costume dances main event at festival of fruits.

Spain

CHASING THE BULL *(July 7, Pamplona)*: Race through streets with bull in the lead.

FAIR *(July 20-31, Valencia)*: Battle of flowers, musicals, bull fights.

SEMANA GRANDE *(August 9-16, San Sebastian)*: Regatta, folklore, singing, dancing, bull fights.

FIESTAS DS LA ASUNCION *(August 14, 15, Elche)*: Presentation in the church of Santa Maria of the drama "El Misterio de Elche."

Switzerland

FILM FESTIVAL *(July 2-12, Locarno)*: Seventh international celebration.

SCOUT JAMBOREE *(July 29-August 8, Kandersteg)*: Fifth World Rover meeting.

INDEPENDENCE DAY *(August 1, nationwide)*: Civic, patriotic celebrations.

FESTIVAL *(August 14-16, Geneva)*: Flower processions, fireworks.

MUSIC COURSES *(August 17-Sept. 6, Zermatt)*: Pablo Casals in charge of instruction for professionels. Concerts.

Turkey

GYMNASTIC CONGRESS *(August 2-9, Istanbul)*: Third World Physical Education Congress; in English and French. Physical culture exhibitions by Turkish youth.

FAIR *(August 20-September 20, Izmir)*: Products of Turkey, the Near East.

United States

SYMPHONIC DRAMAS: "Horn In The West," Boone, N.C., *July 1-Sept. 7*; "Lost Colony," Manteo, N.C., *July 1-Sept. 6*; "Unto These Hills," Cherokee, N.C. *July 1-Sept. 7*; "The Common Glory," Williamsburg, Va., *July 1-Sept. 6*.

FESTIVAL *(July 1-25, Central City, Colo.)*: "Carmen" and "Merry Wives of Windsor."

SUMMER FESTIVAL *(July 1-26, Sarasota, Fla.)*: Jessica Dragonnette; Helen Roberts, Richard Walker of D'Oyly Carte Opera Company. Cash prizes for art, photography.

SEVEN ARTS FESTIVAL *(July 5-20, Lake Tarleton Club, Pike, N.H.)*: Discussions led by Earl Wilson, Richard Joseph, Louis Untermeyer, Bennett Cerf, Sen. Chas. W. Tobey, Thomas Benton, John Chapman, Horace Sutton, Irv Kupcinet, others.

BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL *(July 11-August 16, Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass.)*: Concerts in theatre in July; in music shed in August. Charles Munch, Pierre Monteux, Leonard Bernstein.

Yugoslavia

SUMMER FESTIVAL *(July 1-October 1, Dubrovnik)*: Folk singing, dancing. Main portion July 8-August 30.

FAIR *(August 22-30, Osijek)*: Yugoslav agricultural, handicraft products.

—ROBERT MEYER, JR

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GAUL STONES

LIMOGES, FRANCE.

THE valley of the Dordogne, alias the Périgord, is a scenic enclave in southern France where the principal occupations are eating and watching the old stones get older. All this, as you can imagine, is a wonderful relief from radio commercials, radio activity, and the irradiation of junior senators. The old stones can hardly do anything but get older, and as long as the pâté and truffles hold out, life can be beautiful.

The cardinal blooper to be committed in the Périgord—after all, I'd better tell you right off—is to bring up the pâté de foie gras as manufactured in the city of Strasbourg. Soap! Kirkman's laundry bars in terrines, that's what! If you're going to eat pâté, eat the real stuff, pâté du Périgord, with black truffles. Now there are many ways of finding a truffle as any gentleman of the Périgord can tell you. Périgord is to truffles as Pennsylvania is to coal, and for that matter coal and truffles look alike excepting that you eat truffles, especially if you are from the Périgord. Since the truffle is a subterranean fungi, it must be uprooted; and in this valley the job is done by trained pigs, sometimes by dogs, and also by bees. The pigs are persuaded to go agrunting along the ground until they whiff a truffle. They dig the black morsel out of the earth with a nudge of their snout, but before they can swallow it a nimble truffle gatherer whisks it away. This makes for frustrated pigs and well-garnished pâté de foie gras. About the same process is carried on with dogs, but the bee routine I find hard to take. In certain seasons of the year the truffle searchers just beat the ground, and wherever the bees rise chances are there will be a black nugget underneath. At least that's what a fairly impeachable source told me.

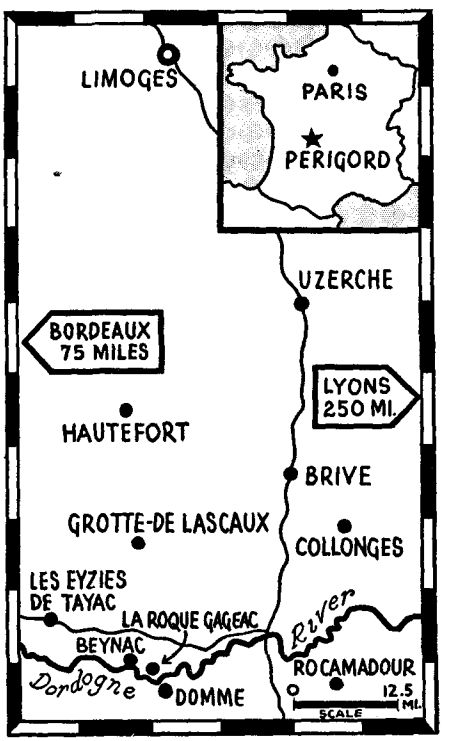
Black fungus shows up not only in the local pâté, but also in omelette aux truffles, an inescapable dish in these parts. The goose is put to other uses here (they do everything but race them), particularly in the manufacture of confit d'oie, which is goose wing redolent of garlic—not much garlic mind you, just enough to make your eyes tear. All this gets washed down with a white, dry, and smoky wine called Château Panisseau and another called Château Bonnecoste. The ultimate adventure is a round of spirits made from the essence of walnuts. there being practically nothing from which a thirsty man cannot fabricate alcohol. It comes in a crock and is called La Vieille Noix, or the old nuts.

Before this becomes merely a voyage along the alimentary canal, I would hasten to say that between meals in the Périgord there is a string of fascinating, unspoiled things to see. You will almost certainly need a car, either picking one up in Limoges, or else stopping off en route to Spain. The most striking attraction are the caves of Lascaux at Montignac, which were only discovered in 1940 by a group of boys looking for their lost dog. Besides the dog the boys also found a cavern covered with prehistoric paintings so sharp and well preserved as to make skeptics doubt their authenticity. Horses, bison, reindeer, oxen, and one strange man adorn the walls, all of them having been drawn at least 15,000 years ago, and perhaps twice as long ago as that. The grotto entrance is in a pine woods and is open daily except from twelve until two—for the "renouvellement de l'atmosphère" and also, I would judge, for the renouvellement of caretaker's eating habits as well.

You've seen the best grotto after you've done Lascaux, but the capital of France's prehistory is nearby at Les Eyzies, and you shouldn't miss it. The town leans against high limestone cliffs, and with such natural abutments at hand the villagers were merely required to build three walls on their houses, using the natural rock for the fourth. You can achieve a fair idea of how it was to live like a caveman at the Cro-Magnon Hotel, which has three walls built by man, one by glaciers, and charges about $2.50 a day for a single room with private bath, and about $6 for the same premises including three meals.

La Roque-Gageac is a one-street village absolutely pasted against the side of a cliff, with the lovely Dordogne River flowing past the facades in a great sweeping curve. The view is magnificent, the peace is hypnotizing; perhaps the Romans found it that way too, for they built strange shelters high among the cliffs and relics of them still stand. A great chateau commands the road at the entrance to the village, but the greatest threat to security in town nowadays is the river, which occasionally swells its banks and creeps up the cliffside. Villagers have been soaked so often by the Dordogne that all shops have since been installed on the second floor, and Main Street is as dead as a Colorado town twenty years after the lode ran out.

To see all the valley of the Dordogne laid out in front of you, just like Cinerama, you drive a few miles down to Domme and take the high road up to the lookout. There in the mist is La Roque-Gageac gray and smoky against its hillside, with the back road from Domme leading up to it in a white chalky line. The green plain is rolled out flat, and the river wanders through it making a great, open U. Poplar trees, long and slender as a coutourier's mannikin, run the river bank, bursts of white plum blossoms lie on the valley floor



Truffle and Périgord partisan.

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like wind-blown popcorn, and the morimeaux wheel and wing and are happy about the springtime.

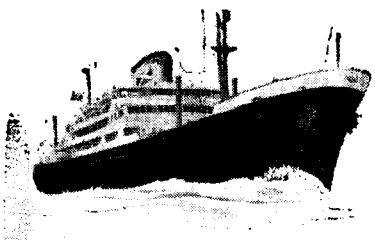
Rocamadour is a fantastic site, a rocky cliff face jutting up from a deep valley trough, with houses, hotels, and a church stuck on every available promontory right up to the top. You stop your car on the single street just under the hotel where you plan to stay, and they drop a basket on a rope to pull your baggage up to the heights with a winch. There is hardly a hotel or a room or a rock without a fabulous view.

It is a legend that Zacchaeus, who climbed a sycamore tree at Jericho to watch Christ pass, came to Gaul and built an oratory on the highest point of the rock. His name became Amadour, and long after he died pilgrims came to see his bones, among them Henry II of England, Louis IX and Louis XI of France. Pilgrims still come, doing the stairs on their knees, and tourists come too from Easter until fall gasping at the views and wondering about the strange sword stuck into a crevice in the rocks high up over a chapel door. The sword used to be just eight feet off the ground and the legend was that girls who touched it would be married in a year. So the girls got ladders and climbed up to touch the hilt while the boys stood below enjoying the view. The curé thought this constituted indecent exposure and had the sword placed up out of reach, and so the legend is gone and so is the boys' favorite panorama.

Working back towards Limoges is the village of Collonge, known as Collonge La Rouge, because now the earth is red and the rocks are red and so are all the buildings. There is no pavement in Collonge La Rouge, the chickens squawk along in the street, and a blacksmith in those startled-blue coveralls the French like to wear bangs his anvil. Overhead are strange red arches that span the alleys and red towers rising against the brilliant blue sky, and everywhere the quiet except for the chickens and the anvil.

I could hardly think of a better way to leave the Périgord than on a full stomach. That can be accomplished with infinite pleasure at the town of Brive, which has one of those multi-starred inns over which the gourmets do nip-ups and the guide book people pull out the bold face type. This one is called the Hotel de la Truffe Noire, or The Black Truffle Hotel, and it is being operated by a gentleman both ample and affable named André Dupart, half of the Paris restaurant team of Yvonne and André which drew such ravenous royalty as the Duke of Windsor, the Aga Khan, Churchill, Harriman, and who knows all. The Paris place is sold now, but the famous regulars have been journeying down to Brive for jambonneau truffé, foie gras truffé, omelette aux truffes, truite truffe noire, volaille bresse truffe noire, probably followed by l'Alka Seltzer truffe noire. I know people who wouldn't travel to Weehawken for a truffle, but those gourmets are strange coves indeed. With them one man's fungus may be another man's delight.

—Horace Sutton.



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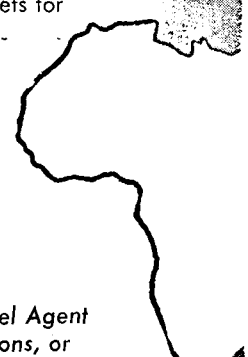

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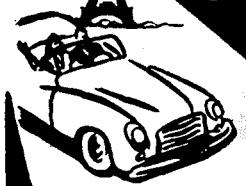

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TRAVELER'S TALE

CARDS FROM A CARD: The only thing I can say about Mr. Stanton Delaplane is that he is the funniest man writing on travel today. And I will. This, of course, does not include Mr. Fitzpatrick, who works on films anyway. **"Postcards from Delaplane"** (Doubleday, $3) is a collection of his pieces which appear as a daily column in *The San Francisco Chronicle* and lately have been syndicated to other Western papers. Easterners will either have to haunt the out-of-town newspaper stands or else latch on to Mr. Delaplane's collection of postcards which perhaps seems more convenient.

Not all of these pieces are reports on the foreign scene, but there are cards on how to buy a pair of custom-made shoes in Spain, how to

New Fiction

MANY of the volumes described below, for which we do not have space to review in this issue, will be given more extended notice in early numbers.

THE BIG WATER. By Mark Derby. New York: The Viking Press. $3. The author of "Element of Risk" uses turbulent Malaya as a backdrop for a spy yarn.

CANADIAN SHORT STORIES. Edited by Robert Weaver and Helen James. New York: Oxford University Press. $3.75. A collection of twenty-four of the best short stories presented between 1946 and 1951, on the program "Canadian Short Stories" broadcast weekly over the Trans-Canada Network. The authors are new to the American public.

DAUGHTER OF THE HOUSE. By Catherine Gaskin. New York: Harper & Bros. $3. Love wrecks the staid existence of an English lawyer's daughter who is forced to choose between dutiful life on her father's estate and the arms of an American.

THE EAGLE AND THE ROCK. By Frances Winwar. New York: Harper & Bros. $3.95. Popular and prolific historical fictioneer Winwar turns her attention to Napoleon's fabulous rise and fall.

THE FOURTH ROUND. Edited by Charles Grayson. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $3.95. Anthologist Grayson, with an eye on the masculine public, picks adventure stories that pack a wallop, from the pens of writers like Hemingway, Gallico, and Steinbeck.

THE GUILT MAKERS. By David Weiss. New York: Rinehart & Co. $3.50. The novel that won the $5,000 Frieder Literary Award, the story of the rescue of a young boy from Buchenwald and the bewildering problems he met in America.

THE SPARKS FLY UPWARD. By James Ronald. New York: Julian Messner. $3.75. Quentin Gourlay's fictional career, begun in the author's "Man Born of Woman," continues with adventures in prohibition Chicago and family doings in England.

THE STREET OF THE THREE FRIENDS. By Myron Brinig. New York: Rinehart & Co. $3.50. Three Americans in Paris and their hectic pasts.

THE SUPERNATURAL READER. Edited by Groff and Lucy Conklin. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $3.95. Suspense stories by masters of the "haunt," including John Collier, A. E. Coppard, and Lord Dunsany.

THE WILD HONEY. By Victoria Lincoln. New York: Rinehart & Co. $2.75. Everyday situations underlie these ten short stories by a popular author, who picks her way among the feelings of children, adolescents, and troubled adults.

A Tale of Two Continents

By THURMAN PRICE

MUCH AS the romantic in us regrets it, the Africa of Twala the One-Eyed and Allan Quatermain has largely disappeared. In its place is a true King Solomon's Mine—a mine of modern riches and great promises, a land with whom the United States must have its dependable air link.

As a source of uranium, industrial diamonds and other raw materials, and as a market for American goods, Africa has enormous potential. And it is important to our national security to have a U. S. flag carrier operating the African route. Because of this, years ago the Civil Aeronautics Board designated the New York-Johannesburg link as a "national interest" route.

THEN, as in all such cases where a route so designated does not have U. S. airline coverage, the board appointed one.

PAN AMERICAN WORLD AIRWAYS, at the behest of the C.A.B., has linked the United States and Africa now for more than a decade. They have lately introduced a new and luxurious service of three-hundred-mile-an-hour Clippers* on this strategic "national interest" route, bringing Johannesburg within 44 hours of New York.

The New York-Jo'burg run is the longest flown by any American airline. Its 9,722 miles are 1,221 miles longer than the great Pacific jump from San Francisco to Hong Kong. Yet the two continents are now truly neighbors.

They are not only neighbors, but equal partners in trade and commerce. The Detroit businessman works with the trader from Durban; Bulawayo and Boston have a common interest—and the once "Dark Continent" and the New World shake hands.

Pan American World Airways is thus chosen by the Civil Aeronautics Board to meet one of the major responsibilities assigned to the Board by the Congress—"*The encouragement and development of an air transportation system properly adapted to the present and future needs of the foreign and domestic commerce of the United States, of the Postal Service and of the national defense.*"

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buy feelthy pictures in Paris, how to buy a suit from a custom tailor in Savile Row, and how to buy a Tiber bridge in Rome. There are likewise a number of equally whimsical wisps on South America, on the calypsos of Trinidad, on taking a public bath in Japan, or a hula lesson in Hawaii: "She wore a white anthurium in her hair and her hips had a fluid drive. Her sea-green dress was wrapped so carelessly I was breathless. I was afraid I would blow it off. Her legs were brown and bare and she raised her eyes to mine and said: 'Take off your shoes.'

'One at a time?' I said. For I could think of nothing else to say. I am shy as a dove at times.

'I am Puanani Alamo,' she said. 'Shall we begin the lesson?'

'Aloha,' I said. 'I am Sweet Deleiplani. And what have I got to lose'?"

Sometimes Mr. Delaplane stays home and his observations on his eight-year-old daughter are to my mind, the best parts of the collection. They are warm, they are loving, and they are awfully funny at the same time. ". . . when I return from journeying I renew acquaintance with a young lady. It is this young lady's custom to reside at the Dominican school in San Rafael when I am not at home. And when I return to greet me with enthusiasm, which is usually: 'Hi.' And to go on about her business, which is roller skating." For the good of everybody's disposition there ought to be a lot more of Mr. Delaplane around and maybe a lot less of some cynical scribblers I could mention. Until somebody puts him on a national basis there is this book, and I for one am thankful. —H.S.

In This Still Cove

By Ethel Jacobson

IN this still cove, this cave of waters,
Scooped from the ocean
and the cliffs—
Between the trailing sand verbena
And the sea with its canted skiffs—

Here sleep the sea winds,
curbed and gentled;
And here are sunset dyepots hurled,
Glinting against a gull's
white breast
In a sand-and-seaweed world.

Here is no scar more dreadful than
A delicate scoring on wet sand—
A gull's lace footprints
criss-crossed where
The curving tides have fanned.

THE voice of the Penguin is heard in our land, increasingly these days, and whenever it is heard it brings cheer to readers who like a lot of good reading for little money. One of the best of recent additions to the Penguin Classics is E. F. Watling's translation of Sophocles's "Electra and Other Plays" (50¢); the other plays being "Ajax," "Women of Trachis," and "Philoctetes." These translations are distinguished by the same literary excellence and readability that mark Mr. Watling's versions of "The Theban Plays" (Penguin, 50¢)—"King Oedipus," "Oediups at Colonus," and "Antigone." His English is easy, his prosody flexible, his styles various. He provides, as occasion demands, brisk colloquial dialogue, tense dramatic diction, swelling eloquence, and lovely lyrics. He succeeds in being modern without betraying his ancient original. There is no dead wood, no padding, in his lines; there are no awkward inversions, no archaisms, no stilted phrases; and second person singular pronouns are happily banished from his text. Lewis Campbell, an earlier translator of Sophocles, has said that Greek tragedy "expressed a consciousness of depths which Plato never fathomed, and an ideal of character which, if less complete than Shakespeare's, is not less noble." Mr. Watling is one of the gifted few who know how to make this tragedy live again in a younger language, how to make it seem almost as vital and as fresh as it was when it first enthralled festive audiences by its dramatic presentation of "the encounters of man with more than man."

In his latest, excellent book, "The Writer in America," Van Wyck Brooks suggests that critics should observe "an hour of silence regarding Melville and Henry James before they have been killed for all time with kindness." The suggestion is sound, but it does not mean that we should stop putting out new editions of these masters as long as there are buyers for them; nor should we forget that it is better to read them than to read about them. I am glad, for example, that the Grove Press decided to import the Chiltern Library edition of Melville's "White Jacket" ($3).

For it gave me an excuse to renew acquaintance with the crew of the *Neversink*—Captain Claret, Master-at-arms Bland, Surgeon of the Fleet Cuticle, and all the rest—in a book that is crammed with "the tar and tumult" and "the knotted, trebly intertwisted villainy" of an American man-of-war *circa* 1844. William Plomer, in his introduction, does well to describe this remarkable narrative as a "documentary" and as propaganda; but of course, as he also says, it is much more. Melville's eloquence is matchless in American prose, and when that eloquence is at its zenith we can aptly borrow a phrase that Lowell applied to the best of Schiller's lyrics, and speak of "the very axles of language kindling with swiftness."

Two other recent Grove Press imports are "Seventeenth Century Poetry" and "Nineteenth Century Poetry" ($2 each), compiled by John Hayward. These attractive anthologies—like the company that Landor hoped to entertain after his death—are small but choice.

KNOPF has reissued two of E. M. Forster's novels: "The Longest Journey" and "A Room with a View" ($3.50 each). When I first read and reviewed an earlier reprint of "The Longest Journey," back in 1922, I described it as a study in futility, and called it suave and cruel. Now that I have reread it and "A Room with a View," my opinion of Mr. Forster's talent is confirmed. It is a fine talent, and an engaging one; he is an adroit writer and a shrewd, amused and amusing, psychologist—although he can flout credibility by writing a scene that is plainly absurd—but he is also a wilful manipulator of characters, and I cannot help believing that the stature of his present reputation somewhat tops the true stature of his work.

From the Heritage Press come "Diedrich Knickerbocker's History of New York," by Washington Irving, with lithographs by Don Freeman, and Cooper's "The Last of the Mohicans," illustrated by Edward A. Wilson ($5 each). Into the first, an old favorite of mine, a born writer put the ebullience and irreverence of youth, plus a mock-heroic narrative gift, and forthwith issued a lasting invitation to laughter. The second makes me wonder how many, if any, small boys now cherish Hawkeye, Chingachgook, and Uncas as their familiar companions.

—BEN RAY REDMAN.

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IS THE GOSPEL TOO SUBVERSIVE FOR AFRICA?

(*Continued from page* 16)

with an exposure to education and opportunity for training, this myth from the past is rapidly being rejected by young Africans. They are realizing that they can learn to do anything which anyone has the patience to teach them. As this discovery widens, the discrimination against the African, the systematic blocking of his opportunity to learn more and to obtain the things of a higher standard of living are feeding fires of envy, resentment, and hatred.

Serious rioting occurred between Africans and Indians in Durban about five years ago. It was true that some Africans had many grudges against Indians who had been given special concession rights by the white Government. But these were minor in comparison to their feelings about the white masters. Yet a small "incident" between an Indian and an African set ablaze the pent-up emotions of thousands of people. The destruction and loss of lives was very great. It is not too difficult to see that the Africans were attacking the more vulnerable Indians as a substitute for their real foe, the whites. Finally African and Indian leaders were able to persuade their groups to stop fighting against each other and many of them are now participating together in the current campaign of defiance of unjust laws.

MEANWHILE, a far less comprehensible thing was happening in mission centers. Strikes and other disturbances were breaking out on most of the large mission stations in South Africa, buildings were sometimes burned, and threats of personal violence were sometimes made against mission personnel. A competent Government commission was appointed to investigate the causes.

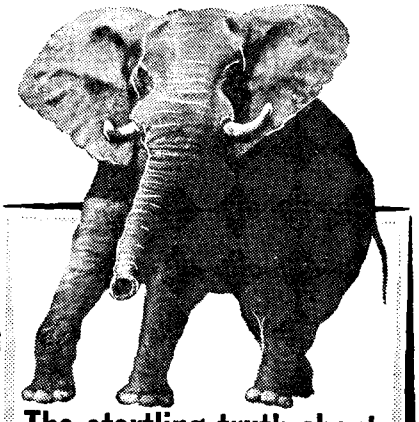
A detailed survey revealed no evidence that these disturbances could be related to any organized efforts by outsiders. Instead, the report revealed details for each situation in which only a small incident could set off the pent-up frustrations and resentment which students and employes had, and which they directed at the mission leadership, which had opened the doors of the world to them, but could do nothing to help them pass through.

In view of frequent declarations that Christian principles were being distorted or ignored in meeting the problems of race relations in South Africa, this writer was asked by the South African Institute of Race Relations to organize a conference to get the opinions and suggestions of non-European Christian leaders. About 125 people assembled at the Bantu Men's Social Center in Johannesburg. The conference proceedings were entirely in the hands of the non-white people, and they represented memberships in nearly all of the main denominational groups in Southern Africa.

AFTER expressing appreciation for the fact that the Christian churches had taken an interest in them and had brought educational opportunities to them, they quickly went to the heart of the matter. Christian teaching, they said, could best be summarized in what Jesus designated as "the two great commandments": "Thou shalt love God with all thy heart, . . . soul, and . . . mind. And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself."

In answer to the question of "Who is our neighbor?" they reminded us of the story of the Good Samaritan which Jesus told in answer to that same question. They pointed out that Jesus did not tell very much about the man who had been robbed, beaten, and left at the side of the road. We don't know if he was educated or nonliterate; rich or modestly poor; white, brown, yellow, or black; or whether he was even good or bad. The only thing that was important was that the man was in *need*. "Seeing this need, and fulfiling it as the Samaritan did," these people concluded, "was demonstrating what it meant to love one's neighbor as oneself."

Since the recognition and fulfilment of man's needs was so important, the question was raised: "What are our needs, and the needs of others around us?" On this score, they cited to us the story of the Last Judgment, in which Jesus talked about those who were hungry, in need of clothes and shelter, sick, and in prison needing to be visited and understood. These Africans, Indians, and other non-white people spoke up saying, "These are our needs. Jesus understood what our needs are—food, clothes, shelter, health, and indication of love even if we are in prison." They went on to point out the Scriptural implication that "the peoples of the world would be judged on the basis of whether they were concerned about meeting these needs of even



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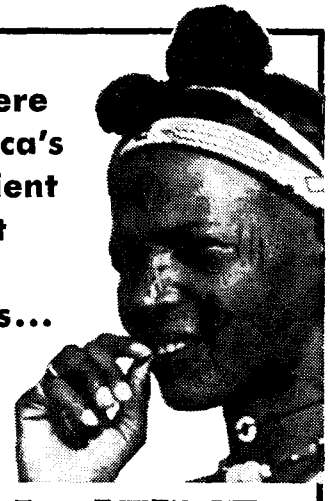

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the least of their fellowmen." (Matthew 25:31—46).

Young voices with urgency and sincerity pleaded:

"If you are really sincere about helping us, please show us how we can build a society in which we love our neighbor as ourselves!"

"Teach us how we can learn to use the resources God has given us, and plan to use them in such a way as to be able to meet the needs of even the least of our brethren—to do it with as much consideration for the needs of our neighbor as ourself."

With somber reflection, older voices said, "Unless you can help us put these principles into action in all of life, in this generation, we are going to find more and more of our young people becoming disappointed, embittered, frustrated, eventually rejecting our leadership and looking for leadership elsewhere."

These ideas did not come from Moscow. They are the young green shoots springing forth from the seeds of the highest known values which have been spread around the world. Their roots can be found deep in the historic Scriptures to which every literate African has been exposed. They are Christian doctrine itself.

But when these ideas emerge to challenge the society that exists in Africa, so-called Christian people in positions of privilege and control fail to recognize them, and usually identify them with "radicals," "agitators," and "Communists." Consider the implications of the following slogans for which Communists instead of Christians are usually given the credit:

"Equality of opportunity—for work, homes, education, and health."

"Abolish all discrimination—race, color, or religion."

"Equal pay for equal work."

"Land reform—redistribution of land for the farm workers."

"Social Security for all."

"Votes for all."

"Enough food for all."

When an African talks in these terms, he is usually branded as a "Communist" and is marked for surveillance by the authorities.

When an outstanding Christian leader does identify himself with such ideas, such as the Rev. Michael Scott, who has been representing the interests of Africans at the United Nations, the Union of South Africa does not permit him to return to work among the Africans, and our own country has refused him permission even to speak in the churches here.

Nobody should be surprised, therefore, by the fact that Africans get more and more curious about Communism as more of their expressions of hope are identified as "Communistic ideas" and as more leaders who speak out in behalf of African interests are smeared as "Communists." It is also noticeable that Africans recognize that many token reform policies and welfare services are instigated "to keep Africans from going Communistic." This makes some Africans smile cynically and say that maybe the way to get what they want is to go Communist with a vengeance.

For the majority of whites in a country like South Africa, it is not easy to face up to these facts.

If you were a farmer, one of the white farmers controlling most of the best land and having a plentiful supply of cheap African labor, would you be willing to see the land redistributed so that black people could farm their own land instead of being compelled to work for white people? Would your decision be influenced by the probability that you would no longer be able to have black laborers work for you at five dollars a month?

If you were a white housewife—with a black cook, a black housekeeper, a black gardener, and a black nursemaid for your children—would your attitude be influenced by the possibility of having to do without most of such cheap help?

If you owned some mine shares, would your attitude be influenced by the probability that your mine profits would be cut down by having to pay wages comparable to those paid in other parts of the world?

If you were a businessman with special privileges, would you be willing to risk your competitive position with other firms by letting black workers have labor unions with rights of collective bargaining with you?

If you were a white voter in an area where the past record in the treatment of the non-white peoples has not been entirely generous, and where there are fears of eventual reprisals if what is sometimes called the "Black Flood" emerges to acquire political and economic control of that part of the world, would you willingly submit to extension of the franchise to Africans?

IF, in spite of all the risks mentioned above you really did believe that these changes ought to be made, would you be willing to speak out your convictions among hostile neighbors and face the probability of being smeared as a "Communist"?

These are not entertaining thoughts. But these are the dilemmas faced by many whites in Africa. It has never been easy anywhere to be a practising Christian. White Christians in Africa face their failure today with fear and panic. They feel the coming of a day of terrible reckoning.

AFRICA

(Continued from page 29)

sult of the white man's brutality, but of his own misdeed and of the vices of his ancestral culture.

The authors have exposed their hero to a range of experience that just keeps within the borders of credibility. These include a riot, a ritual murder, a mine disaster, and a view of Portuguese East Africa calculated to give pause to contemptuous Anglo-Saxons. The story is melodrama, but so are the realities of South Africa.

The characters are convincing, well drawn, human. The tale is full of action, it moves fast, and there is quite a little beauty in the telling. The word "unique" is much abused, but I think this book is in fact unique, as well as fine.

By the Lion of Judah

MODERN LAND OF QUEEN SHEBA: Before the Italian aggression of 1935 the word "Ethiopia" conjured up romantic visions of the Queen of Sheba, the Lion of Judah, or Prester John. But in our time Ethiopia's fate epitomizes that of the small states who were betrayed by a moribund league of nations. To write of Ethiopia, then, is to write of both ancient glories and modern political pressures. David A. Talbot, an American journalist now resident in Ethiopia, and editor of the *Ethiopian Herald*, has written a discursive survey of that country in **"Contemporary Ethiopia"** (Philosophical Library, $4.50).

Ethiopian history in the last thirty years has been the story of the Emperor. Talbot concentrates lovingly on the remarkable personality of Haile Selassie, until admiration becomes almost adulation. The "constitutional monarchy" freely granted in the 1931 constitution, while perhaps vaguely "patterned along the lines of the British system," is surely the Emperor's divine right wedded to a social contract between his people and his line. Talbot admits casually that there is "no free press" in Ethiopia, and this somewhat damages any claim to the objectivity of his quotations from that same press.

In short, this is an uneven book. It provides interesting information about native customs, etc. But it deals superficially with the grave problems posed by the attempt to modernize and centralize what has recently been virtually a medieval state.

—JOHN TRUEMAN.

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THE BLACK MAN'S OUTLOOK

(*Continued from page 14*)

implies that the European's duty is to assist the African to advance as rapidly as possible.

Unfortunately, the high-sounding moral principle stated here comes into conflict with the self-interest of the European, who is not at all sure that "trusteeship" will safeguard his present supremacy for all time. The advocates of trusteeship keep assuring their more timid brethren that the European has had such a long start over the African in the arts of civilization that he need never fear being overtaken. In other words, trusteeship, as a policy, is designed to achieve the same goal as apartheid, namely, to assure the European permanent paramountcy in the country.

A FURTHER objection to this policy is that it implies that all Africans whatever their level of development, require the tutelage of the white man. This may conceivably have been true at some time. It is true no longer. The idea of trusteeship can be justly applied only if it is applied not only to sections of the African population who need tutelage but also to sections of the white population which need it just as badly.

For these reasons Africans do not favor trusteeship, because it would appear that the trustee is given greater protection than his ward, and it is taken for granted that the trustee will always be white. Neither apartheid nor trusteeship are compatible with the principle of cooperation which the African has regarded as the only sound policy for South Africa.

The African stand has always been for cooperation, as I have said. But the rise to power of non-cooperationists among the Europeans is giving rise, as it was bound to do, to a movement of non-cooperation among Africans. If the African does take the cue of non-cooperation from the whites who force it upon him, it would be well to understand just where this is likely to lead.

The white advocates of apartheid do not really mean to divide white from black entirely. They mean to keep the black in subjection. To this the Africans will not docilely submit. But carried to its logical conclusion by Africans, non-cooperation would mean absolute division into two wholly independent and unavoidably hostile units. No African State would countenance for long the "free movement" of Africans to provide migratory labor for the White State. As rapidly as it could, such a state would try to make itself as self-reliant as possible in every conceivable sphere and to this end would seek cooperation not from its neighbor but from other foreign states. Just as the Union seeks today to distance itself from Great Britain, such an African state would do its best to distance itself from the Union.

But the logical outcome of this kind of African nationalism would also be a policy of "Africa for the Africans." The ultimate aim of such a movement would be the eventual capture of the whole area for the eight million Africans and the removal of those Europeans who are not prepared to live on terms of equality with Africans. The two and one-half million Europeans who nowadays talk so glibly about deporting the country's 300,000 Indians may not realize that to the African nationalist the deportation of two and one-half million Europeans does not appear any more preposterous or impracticable.

The European may feel confident that he could, by superior force, make such a prospect impossible. But he would do well to ask himself how much help he could really depend on from the outside to maintain himself if his policies threaten the peace and the delicate balances of a world already heavily burdened with conflicts and divisions. The time is past when the white man in Africa can live by the gun alone.

The point I am trying to make is

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that if the idea of non-cooperation prevails, it will be incompatible with the preservation of an integral South Africa. If this is to be the development—non-cooperation on both sides of the color line—there will be no "areas of liberty" for anyone, black or white. Yet this is the direction in which the Nationalist leadership in South Africa has pushed all of us, unleashing passions and fears that are making more and more difficult any efforts to reach a peaceful solution.

During the past year, South Africa has been the scene of a passive resistance movement on a scale never before witnessed in the land where Mahatma Gandhi first tried out his methods of non-violent struggle. This method, used before by Indians on a small scale, has now been embraced by the Africans, the great majority of the country's population and the backbone of its economic life. This movement was launched last June by the African National Congress, the premier political organization of the Africans, as an attempt to bring about social change and induce cooperation by peaceful means. The response of the people and the self-control and discipline of great masses of people in the face of police provocation and ill-treatment in the prisons has amazed and alarmed the white population. The government's response is shown by the two bills recently passed by the Union Parliament empowering the Minister of Justice to declare emergencies where organized resistance to apartheid appears, and to impose on resisters penalties up to five years' imprisonment, fifteen lashes, and a fine of £500. These measures were supported not only by the Nationalists but by the principal white opposition, the United Party.

THIS means that the majority of the white population has aligned itself with the extremist racialist policies of the Nationalist government. Because of this, the Nationalists could and did win the general elections held on April 15. They will undoubtedly regard their victory as a go-ahead signal for the use of the extreme measures already authorized. The use of these powers will in all probability discredit in the eyes of the Africans and other non-whites the use of peaceful, non-violent methods of bringing about social change. In other words, the use of force on the white side will bring to the forefront among the non-whites those leaders who also believe in violent methods as the best way of achieving their ends. That is the somber prospect now in view.

This is what will surely happen unless the believers in cooperation between black and white, especially on the white side, can come forward and summon up enough courage to break loose from the fanaticism of the present white leadership and launch a new current in the direction of the policy of equal rights for all.

This is not alien to South Africa. On the contrary, it had a long and honorable tradition in the old Cape Colony in the past. There are signs that such a movement is at least being considered by certain groups in the white population. These include the small group of Europeans led by Patrick Duncan who have identified themselves with the passive resistance movement, the leaders of the Anglican and other non-Afrikaner churches who have registered their opposition to the present totalitarian trend of events, some leaders of industry who see that their economic interests are bound up in the development of a better-paid, better-educated, better-skilled, better-living labor force, and the small band of liberals who have recently announced their intention to form a new party.

The big question is the extent to which these groups are going to seek the cooperation of the non-whites. The question is whether they have enough strength and enough ability to overcome the reluctance of the average liberal white South African to work *with* instead of *for* the Africans.

The other big question is whether they have time in which to produce and display these qualities. For it is clear that meeting-points between Europeans and Africans are disappearing. We are entering a phase which will witness even more intensified and fanatical attempts to entrench the system of permanent *baaskap*—bossship—of white over black. This will in all likelihood bring on violent explosions of both a local and general character.

But this will not be the end. I reject the apocalyptic interpretation of these events. Something lies beyond if we keep struggling toward it. It may still be possible, I am convinced, for South Africa to find itself, and for South Africans to produce a generation and a leadership which will abandon the separatist tradition that has grown, like a cancer, these past forty years. But to bring this about we have to struggle to keep this hope alive in the turbulent days that seem to lie so immediately ahead.

The Unicorn in the Yard

By Laurence Perrine

It should have been in enchanted forests
Where bells clicked softly upon themselves
Whenever by wind or by music stirred,
Where you had to step softly because of the elves,
Who built wherever a gnarled root
Stretched out lean fingers to trip a foot,
As you followed the flute of the magic bird,
And the pink mushrooms with the crimpled edges
Spilled over ledges green-moss-furred.

But there it was in the backyard only—
You had to look twice to believe your eyes—
Nibbling softly in grass and clover—
Like a god from Olympus in white disguise.
There where the garbage pail spilled over,
The wash hung out, and the garden hose
Curled like a snake in the heat of the sun—
Cool and superb amid all those,
The unicorn paused like a magic one.

Only a silver-and-ermine moment
It stood, and then with a bound as light
As a plume air-tossed, it cleared the fence
And sped away into silver flight.
Nevertheless I had caught the sense;
And ever since—in the common squares,
In common homes, and in common faces,
In ordinary and drab affairs—
I have looked for magic in common places.

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THE WHITE MAN'S DILEMMA

(Continued from page 13)

the other the dangers of frustration and resentment in a white-dominated society.

The weaknesses of this third program are also apparent. Anyone who has seen a South African city, with its black "locations," its industries largely manned by black operatives, its whole dependence on the combined efforts of so many races, will wonder how complete separation can ever be effected. And this is not only true of the city; it is true of every town, village, and white man's farm. The reply to this objection is invariably that complete separation may take a hundred years to achieve. But meanwhile the opposition of the African to separation policy is growing stronger and stronger; he sees it as a device, however, presented, to secure his perpetual inferiority. There seems to be no remote possibility that white domination will last a hundred years.

It will be seen therefore that the white man in South Africa is really in a dilemma, but it might be questioned whether it is tragic. It might still be argued that it is a dilemma of racial arrogance and selfishness.

But suppose it could be shown that the resistances preventing a solution are not easily amenable to reason, but are altogether deeper? This I fear they are, and I shall endeavor to show that my fear is justified.

For this purpose it will be necessary to consider briefly the history of the Afrikaner people, the descendants, with other white infusions, of the Dutch who first came to the Cape of Good Hope in 1652.

These pioneers, who were never intended by the Dutch East India Company to become permanent settlers, nevertheless became such, and trekked away from the fertile Cape into the harsh and semi-desert country of the great interior plains. Their enemies were wild beasts and savage men, and they lived a free and dangerous life. They were intensely religious, and the Old Testament account of wanderings of the Israelites so fitted their own condition that they saw themselves as a chosen people.

While preserving amongst themselves a patriarchal life of great piety and simplicity, they were immovable and stern in their dealings with the savage tribes they encountered. They had no relations with them except those of masters with servants, or enemies with enemies; and it was an iron law that there was to be no intercourse with their women. Only thus could the white man survive on this hostile continent, for which he had conceived such a fierce and possessive love, so much so that he began to call himself the *Afrikaner*, the man of Africa.

WHEN the British came to the Cape at the beginning of the nineteenth century, the attitude of their officials, and especially of their brotherhood-preaching missionaries, to the indigenous people, so shocked the Trekkers or Boers that they set off on the Great Trek, the Last Trek, into the further interior. There they encountered still more tribes, subjugated them, and set them apart in lands of their own, or allowed them to settle on the white man's farms.

What was it in the British attitude that shocked them? It was the idealistic assumption that there was or could be some kind of equality between white and black. Therefore when the Trekkers established their pastoral republics in the North, they declared that there was to be "no equality in Church or State." At last they were to be free to order their affairs in the only possible way that would work in Africa, a way that only the Afrikaner understood.

But the pastoral republics were not destined to be left alone. Diamonds were found in the one, gold in the other. Fortune-seekers streamed in, many of them British. Stresses and strains were set up which resulted in the disastrous Anglo-Boer War of 1899.

The British conscience made magnanimous reparation in 1906, when self-government was restored to the defeated republics. In 1910 these two republics joined the Cape and Natal in the Union of South Africa. But the Afrikaner Nationalist watched the celebrations grimly. What kind of South Africa could it be under such a mongrel government, composed of repentant Britishers, hoodwinked Boers, big money, and Kaffir-lovers?

Implacably he set himself to win this power of government for himself. After all, the majority of the electors were Afrikaans-speaking, and if only enough of them could be won to his cause, victory would be assured. Reparation would at last be made for the Century of Wrong.

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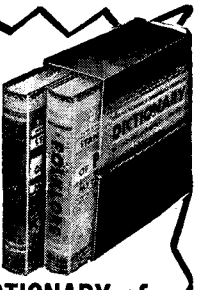

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and hungrily desired, to fashion the only kind of white man's state that could survive in Africa. It would not be easy, for mines and industry had undone much of the original separation pattern, and had brought hundreds and thousands of rural natives to the towns, where they had become detribalized.

It was a great task, calling on all the strength, patriotism, and faith that a man could muster. The world misunderstood it, the United Nations misunderstood it, even the African himself misunderstood it. But it was by confronting just such apparently insuperable obstacles in the past, that the Afrikaner had triumphed and become what he was.

Is it likely that the race which trekked from equality will now easily concede it? Is it likely that the race that has after such suffering achieved such authority and responsibility will now loosen its hold upon them? Is it likely that a race whose whole history has been one of struggle against others should now turn to the idea of partnership? Is it likely that a race which has always regarded the African as the enemy should suddenly cease to do so?

That is what I mean when I say that these resistances are not easily amenable to reason. Return for a moment to the analogy of the man caught on the face of the cliff. He has gone up the cliff to save his child. All those who are watching know that if he persists he will most certainly meet his death. But he must go on. For him the important fact is not the impregnability of the cliff, it is the situation of the child.

This analogy, like all the others, is incomplete. But it conveys an essential element of the situation, namely that there appears to be a driving power in Afrikaner Nationalism which cannot be reasoned with. You may say to a Nationalist, "You can't keep a people down, read history, read your own history, it just cannot be done." He may react to you with anger and contempt, he may have no answer but that of faith in God, he may beseech you with his eyes to go away; he may, if he trusts you, say, "What else can I do?" But it is most unlikely that he will say, "I see you are right; I am now prepared to extend greater opportunities and rights to non-whites in the one common society."

No, he is more likely to say, "Your arguments are right and they are the arguments for total separation." Or he may say, "That is defeatist talk, at all costs we must retain our mastery."

Is the position of the white man in the rest of Africa on all fours with his position in southern Africa?

The white population in South Africa forms 25 per cent of the country's total; in Southern Rhodesia 10 per cent; in Northern Rhodesia 3 per cent; in Kenya 1 per cent. In South Africa the white population is 60 per cent Afrikaans-speaking, in Southern Rhodesia 20 per cent, in Northern Rhodesia 20 per cent (a guess), in Kenya much less.

In other words the majority of the whites north of the Union are English-speaking. It would be maintained by most Afrikaners, and conceded by many English-speaking people, that the English-speaking dilemma does not involve so deeply or so painfully the whole personality. The English-speaking person has not had this history of sustained enmity with black people; he has remained more of a European and has not the same repugnance to partnership with Africans; and what is more, the whole British Commonwealth is open to him if he wants to leave the continent, whereas the Afrikaner has only this one country, which he possesses and by which he is possessed.

In general, then, the English-speaking person in Africa is more accessible to reasoned arguments; and in addition, his inner resistances are not as massive. Therefore it will be found that the English-speaking person in South Africa and further north does not shrink so decisively from the ideal of a common society. In Kenya this ideal is probably most strongly held, though the Mau Mau atrocities have been a terrible test for its upholders. In Southern Rhodesia, the Prime Minister, Sir Godfrey Huggins, has said that unless some form of partnership is evolved, the white people of the country will tend to swing politically to the South.

Yet even these upholders of the partnership ideal have difficulties. They have always maintained that they cannot extend the rights and privileges of their Western society to Africans, unless those Africans show that they understand and will uphold the ideals and mores of that society. They are prepared to admit Africans on the basis of a qualified franchise, but many Africans in their present mood see in the qualified franchise a further device to keep them out of the common society. Some go so far as to demand a universal adult franchise, pointing to the Gold Coast and Nigeria as their examples.

In South Africa itself this demand for a universal franchise may be taken to be the inevitable reply to legislation which has diminished the previous franchise rights and to legislators who have spoken openly of their

final abolition. As white nationalism grows more powerful and more autocratic, so does black nationalism grow more proud and more demanding; the middle ground, and the middle opinion also tends to disappear, or if not to disappear, to be overshadowed by these titanic opponents.

At the moment, therefore, White South Africa, under a Nationalist Afrikaner Government, proclaims that it can safeguard the future by affirming white supremacy and by racial separation. The world outside is almost unanimous that it cannot be done. Is there any hope of achieving some evolutionary solution?

To my mind there is only one hope, there can only be one, of such a solution. Some change must come about in the white majority itself. Some considerable number of Nationalist Afrikaners must cease to regard life in Africa as an endless struggle against black men. Many of them will be angered that I dare to write such words, but it is their own Prime Minister who has declared that the Afrikaner is facing another Blood River (Blood River being the decisive battle in which the Trekkers smashed the Zulu power in 1838).

Human life is a strange mixture, never fully explained or understood, of freedoms and bondages. In the course of the earth's history, many creatures have failed to survive because they were unable to adapt themselves to changing conditions; they were in bondage to their pasts.

These unique people, the Afrikaners of South Africa, are one of the most virile and upward-striving races of the earth. Of their courage no one has any doubt, but in the hard struggle for survival, intelligence will count as much. Power is in their hands and upon their actions depends the future of the white man in South Africa; and also, though to what extent no man can say, his future in the continent.

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WESTERN MAN AND THE AFRICAN CRISIS

(Continued from page 12)

enkov, i.e., reliance on the capacity of the West to destroy itself.

Communist organization and influence exists at the moment in Africa only in driblets here and there. But, as an observer reports later in these pages, Communists are being given the credit by Europeans for the most elementary democratic ideas now gaining currency among Africans. If the Communists are acquiring this enormous asset without significant effort on their own part, it should not be difficult to see how far and how fast they will be able to move when they really start trying.

In any case, it is asking a lot of Africans to expect them suddenly to appreciate the virtues of Western democracy. Authoritarian colonialism has not exactly been a training school or an example for African democrats. On the contrary, democratic ideas have been held by Europeans to be unfit for African emulation. Finally, as the evolution of the Malanist regime in South Africa shows, the most dangerous threat of totalitarianism in Africa is not of Communist but of white European origin.

HERE lies the American dilemma. American world strategy rests on a strengthened Europe. The strength of Europe rests, to a critical degree, on continued European power in Africa. Although trimmed occasionally with plans for African "welfare," the great bulk of European economic effort in Africa is aimed at the deeper entrenchment of European interests, not the elevation of African standards. Hand in hand with this goes the maintenance of European political supremacy, and in key areas this also means white racial supremacy. It is precisely this that Africans, in growing numbers, are challenging. The American course so far has been to equivocate when possible and to support European interests whenever an issue has been forced. Sooner or later, this policy will exact its price. The United States will have to decide, if it still has time, whether the free world's interests can really be advanced in an Africa that is itself not free or becoming free.

Africa is already an anachronism in an age of waning empires. Only four of its countries, with a total population of about 38,000,000, are politically independent: Egypt, Ethiopia, Libya, and Liberia. The Union of South Africa is, of course, a sovereign member of the Commonwealth. But only its 2½ million white Europeans are "free"; its 8½ million Africans are helots. The rest of Africa is a patchwork of colonies, protectorates, and trust territories, under Britain, France, Belgium, Portugal, and Spain, with a total subject population of more than 130,000,000.

The British rule 57,000,000 Africans with the avowed policy of advancing them to self-government in the hope that each colony, as it becomes self-governing, will voluntarily join the Commonwealth. The French rule 50,000,000, offering to a small elite places in the French National Assembly as a deposit on the ultimate gift of "assimilation" into a French Union centered in Paris and dominated by France. The Belgians describe their rule over 11,000,000 in the Congo as "paternalistic" and see any form of local representative government as a prospect only for the dim future.

The pattern of African dissent is just as varied. In many places it is still a germinating state of mind. In others, it is concentrated in semi-traditional secret societies sometimes capable, as in Kenya, of organized violence. In still others it finds expression in large, vigorous, well-organized, Western-style political movements and parties. In all of colonial Africa, however, only the people of Britain's West African colonies (Gold Coast, Nigeria, Sierra Leone) can be said to be moving in a forward direction and in a reasonably orderly way toward self-rule. Here the process of pressure-reform-pressure-reform under the British system has reached the point where the beginnings of constitutional governments have been created. Most advanced is the Gold Coast, which has an elected legislature made up almost entirely of Africans, an all-African cabinet, and an African prime minister, Kwame Nkrumah.

This development is unique in Africa. Not only does no other colonial power contemplate anything similar happening, with its assent, anywhere in its territories, but the British themselves have little prospect of being pushed anywhere near as far anywhere else in British Africa. The reason for this brings us to what is probably the most somber and the most explosive aspect of African affairs. The West African areas remained homogenously African, with small transient European groups of administrators and businessmen holding

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sway over the local populations. But in British East and Central Africa, conditions favored European settlement.

Europeans moved in, took what land they wanted, and established themselves as sizable communities, 30,000 among the 5,500,000 Africans of Kenya, for example, and 160,000 of them among the 7,000,000 Africans of Northern and Southern Rhodesia. These Europeans, locally entrenched, with key economic interests and with all local administration in their hands, regard these countries as their own. They want self-government, not for the Africans, but for themselves. They want this local sovereignty primarily to gain unhindered power to maintain and strengthen the existing system of white supremacy. They want to shrug off the last feeble restraint represented by Britain's formal obligation to look after African interests, an obligation which the present British Government seems almost ready to relinquish. Outraged and frightened by the reforms won by Africans in West Africa, the Europeans of East and Central Africa want to be able, like the white rulers of South Africa, to keep their African majorities in a permanent state of subordination. This is the basis of the clamor for more local power in Kenya. It is the guiding idea behind the projected Central African Federation, which is aimed to put the Rhodesias and Nyasaland under local white rule.

THUS in Africa the classic struggle of local nationalism against metropolitan colonialism is multiplied many times in intensity by the conflict between Africans rising to assert themselves and dominant local white populations holding local power and fiercely intent upon preserving their political and racial supremacy. It is this kind of conflict that has grown most acute during the past year in Kenya and the Union of South Africa and these are the situations dealt with most extensively and from varying viewpoints in this special issue.

The political, social, economic, and moral ramifications of the gathering crisis in Africa are immense. But it should at least be clear that the days of European empire in Africa are coming to an end. It should also be clear that the manner of their ending will have profound effects in Africa and in the rest of the world. If not out of high moral need, then at least out of the crudest kind of self-interest, Western men had better be asking themselves if they are serving their own survival by what they do in Africa or assisting in their own destruction.

Some of the problems raised in Africa are nothing new in the predicament of Western men. But they are raised on a vast scale and with commanding urgency. They are easily recognizable as existing close to home as well as an ocean away. Consider the fact that there are more than 20,000,000 Christians among these awakening Africans, that virtually all education for Africans has been mission-provided, and that the emerging leaders of Africans are almost all products of Christian teaching. Whatever the contribution and demeanor of a few individual missionaries, the African quickly discovers that while he is promised his reward in Heaven, the white man reserves to himself the rewards of the earth while he is on it. Whatever other claims the white rulers can make for themselves in Africa, they cannot make much of a case for describing themselves as builders of the brotherhood of man. When the African begins to assert his membership in the human race and to seek justice on earth as in heaven, he presents the European with an embarrassingly explicit test of the European's glibly offered religion, a test very few Europeans in Africa are ready or able to meet.

The doctrine of race superiority is less brazenly held now than it was in most of the Western world. But in Africa it is warped too deeply into the European power system to be eliminated, even for vital reasons of expediency. Whether naked or legal, or piously clothed and sanctioned only by custom, it pervades all of European-controlled Africa, a continuous and increasingly intolerable affront to the African's dignity and sense of his own worth. So long as the white man's power remained beyond question, this resentment remained smothered. But that power is being questioned now, and by that very fact is being whittled away.

In sum, Africans are in growing numbers more and more unwilling to go on accepting the rule of the European, and unwilling even to accept his benevolent tutelage so long as this means enforcement of an inferior status for the African in landholding, in labor, in education, in government. To the extent that the African may acknowledge some of the superior technical attainments of the European, he insists upon an unhampered opportunity to come abreast as rapidly as he can and to seek his solutions to his problems in his own way, as best he can, for good or ill. He may move rapidly or slowly, peacefully or violently, but the African is moving. The European cannot stop him. He can only move with the African or get trampled.

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(Continued from page 57)

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CANDLELIGHT FARMS INN—Country living at its best on an 800-acre farm estate. Good food, attractive accommodations with private baths. Write Box 113, New Milford, Connecticut.

CANADA VACATION? Wooded island in beautiful lake, Eastern Ontario. Housekeeping cottages, $25-$35 weekly. Electricity. Quiet, refined. Duane Barnes, Cornwall-on-Hudson, N.Y.

CHANTERWOOD, Lee, Massachusetts. Unique mountain lake resort. Rustic Lodge and Cabins midway to Tanglewood, Jacob's Pillow, Berkshire Playhouse. Wonderful food, moderate rates, informal. Excellent swimming, rowing, canoeing on two connected lakes 3 miles long. Weekend or vacation. Tennis, Croquet, Ping-pong, other sports right on our grounds. Folder S.

SEVEN HILLS opens May 29, offering tennis, boating, complimentary golf June weekdays, good food, comfort and charm. Adults only. SEVEN HILLS, Lenox 5, Massachusetts.

TUILAUVENT—Ideal for restful weekends and vacations. French cooking. Open all year. Moderate rates. Maple Road, Brewster, N. Y. BRewster 9-3154.

LIKE THE COUNTRY? Come to Graymont, a Colonial farmhouse. Good food. R. D. 2, Middlebury, Vermont.

CORNWALL, VERMONT, GUESTHOUSE. 8 miles to Middlebury. Excellent food and accommodations. Virginia Graham.

RANDOLPH SINGERS, with DAVID RANDOLPH conductor, perform at SOUTHWIND during Decoration Day Holiday. Accommodations by reservation. SOUTHWIND, Woodbourne, N.Y.

KANDAHAR Lodge, Manchester, Vermont. Elevation 2,000 feet. Private swimming. Sports. Restful. Friendly informality. Delicious food. Folder.

GREEN SHADOWS, Old Lyme, Connecticut. Quiet informal country life; good food, comfortable beds.

VERMONT VACATION on Lake Hortonia. Informal, not rustic, late breakfasts, buffet luncheons, gourmet food. Summer sports. SUDBURY INN, Sudbury, Vermont.

HONEYMOON—FIRST OR SECOND—with the stars for streetlights, on famous Monhegan Island at THE ISLAND INN, Monhegan Plantation, Maine. Booklet?

SUGARING TIME AT BLUEBERRY HILL! Lucullan food. Pussywillows. Nothing whatever to do. The Mastertons, Brandon, Vermont.

MERRIEBROOK, Poughquag, N. Y. Tempting meals. Quiet. Adults only. North Clove 2421.

THINKING ABOUT VACATIONING IN ARIZONA? Riding—excellent, Swimming—ideal, Food—delicious, Weather—can't beat it. OPEN ALL YEAR. MONTEZUMA RANCH, Star Route 1, Hereford, Arizona.

COLONIAL CHARM midst wooded Litchfield Hills, Trout stream. Casual, intimate; luscious food. Swimming, riding, golf nearby—country auctions—summer theatre—Tanglewood Festival. LEWIS & MARY FISHER, Bantam, Connecticut.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 997

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. Name of R.L.S.'s donkey in the "Travels."

B. Priestly board in ancient Rome which conducted diplomatic negotiations to avoid wars.

C. Submerged.

D. Runner or rootstock used to propagate a grass.

E. Later use for "the stone which the builders rejected."

F. A synthetic resin of great use in modern electrical and chemical work.

G. The monk who reformed Thaïs in the desert.

H. A modern plastic substance originally called xylonite.

I. Humorous song extremely popular during World War I, by Geoffrey O'Hara.

J. Common table utensil, for holding and dispensing flavoring materials.

K. Expression signifying approval, which Mencken calls the most used of all "American shortcuts in speech," in its widely used current form (NOT in Webster).

L. Stronghold surrendered to Japs, May 6, 1942, regained three years later.

WORDS

77 2 31 86 130 184 140 103 26

57 167 159 186 141 93 129 79

102 63 173 118 183 162 58 134 90

143 4 39 73 92 142

109 46 82 30 87 158 94 6 33

179 24 104 19 146 7 131 110

185 190 116 135 113 105 147 175

152 16 37 71 3 125 36 42 84

150 40 99 96 62 168 32

88 22 47 76 189 154

181 43 117 188 64 5 80 23

15 132 180 136 44 10 53 34 169 50

DEFINITIONS

M. Uniformly; unchangeably.

N. Clumsy; antonym of "ambidextrous."

O. Familiar title of one of the versions of the Londonderry Air (2 wds.).

P. Name of the two brothers in "Nicholas Nickleby," kind-hearted merchants.

Q. Rhetorical figure, understatement to increase the effect.

R. To share with another a knowledge or ability primarily regarded as one's own.

S. The gentle old lady in "Cranford" (2 wds.).

T. What "The Man" did at Monte Carlo (3 wds.).

U. Little girl in juvenile fiction who caught a burglar (1888, by author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy").

V. Island chain, reaching SW from Japan almost to Formosa.

W. A soft thick cloth made of wool mixed with other fibers.

WORDS

112 75 18 144 85 60 9 45 97 171

182 111 124 98 70 177 48 38 67 122

187 28 27 127 160 133 66 165

161 119 49 100 170 128 145 174 126

41 121 91 172 148 89 8

157 164 166 123 81 51

1 74 139 61 101 178 108 163 69 120

176 25 56 114 151 83 59 14 72 153

106 55

155 107 17 35 52 149

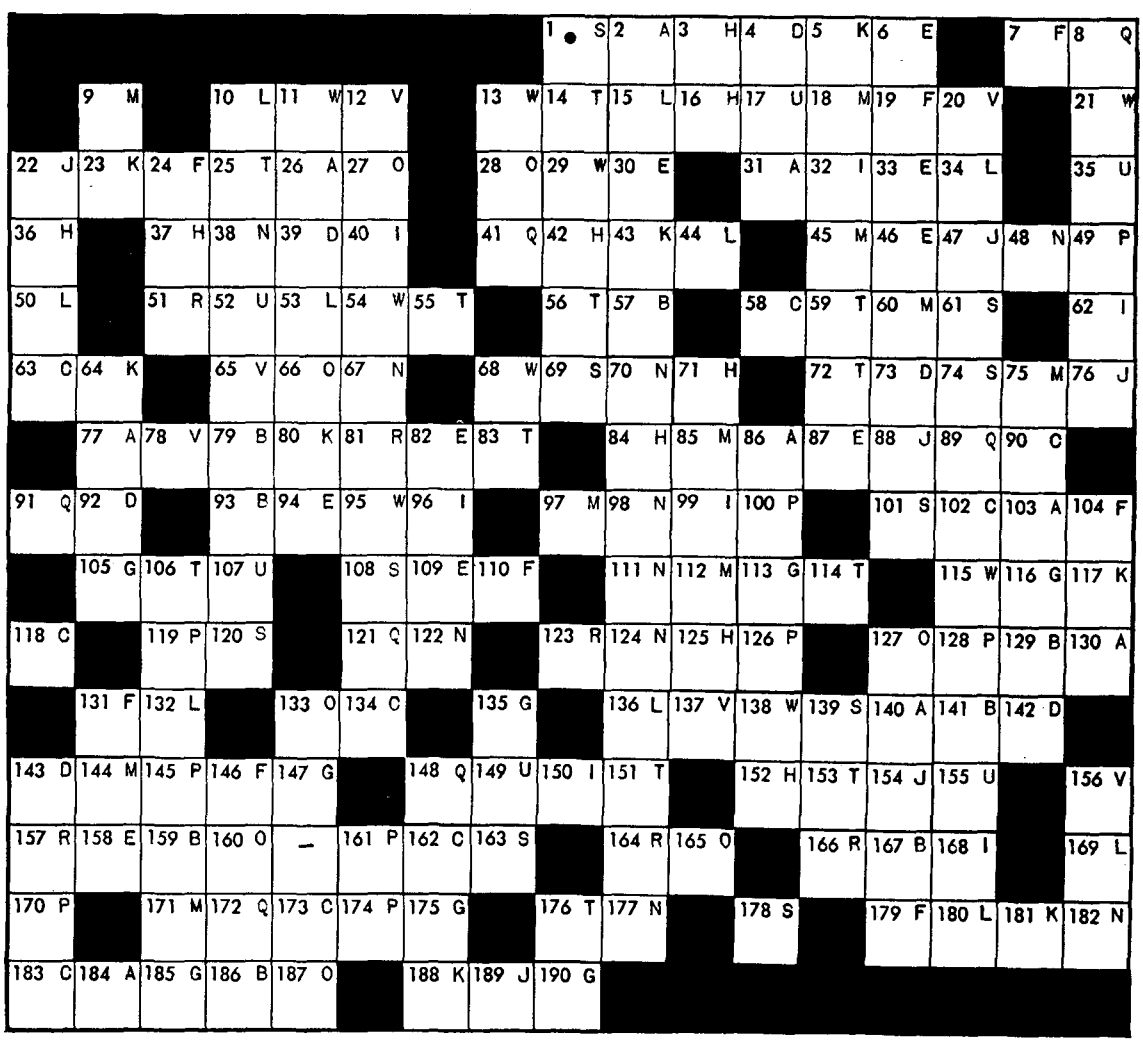
20 12 78 156 65 137

138 115 11 29 21 13 95 68 54

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 51 of this issue.

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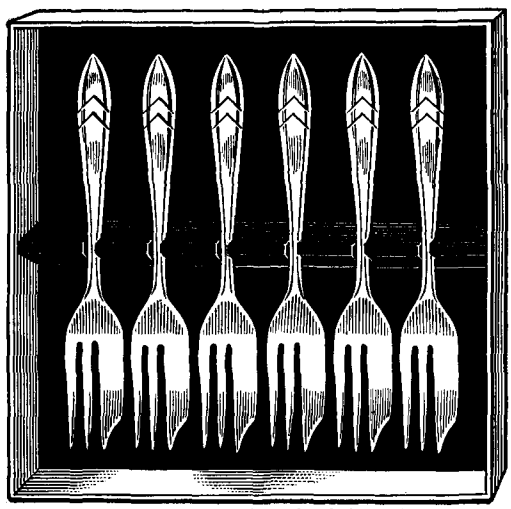
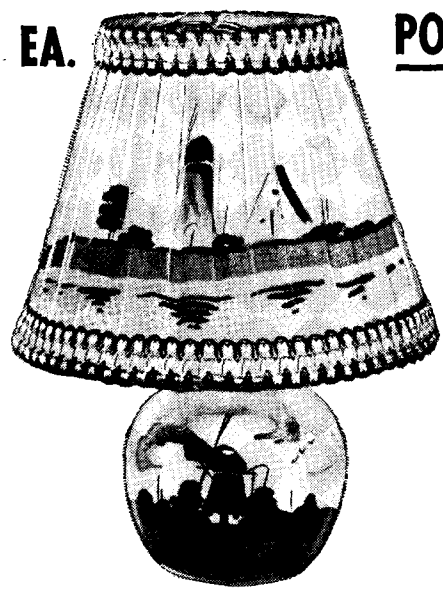
Around-the-World Shoppers Club

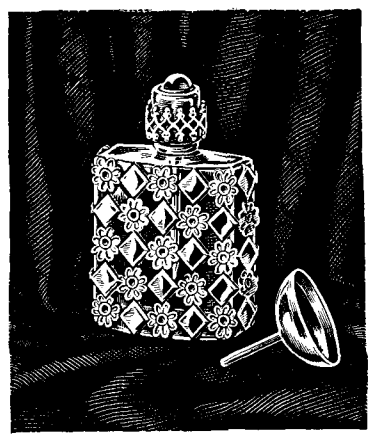
SENDS GIFTS LIKE THESE FROM FOREIGN LANDS FOR ONLY $2.00 EA. POSTPAID, DUTY FREE!



This exquisite setting of silver-plated English pastry forks was forged in Sheffield, a name that meant fine cutlery long before Columbus discovered America! An ancient Sheffield firm made up this exclusive design for our members at our request. It will be one of your first gifts from the Around-the-World Shoppers Club!



In our search for fine *Delft's Blue* ceramics, we went right to the source—Holland—and found this beautiful twilight lamp. How they get the shimmering blue and white effect in both base and shade is a closely-guarded secret; all we know is that it is hand-made, hand-painted and utterly charming. It will be one of your Club items!



Where but in Paris would one find such an enchanting *frivolité* for milady as this dainty perfume flacon! We discovered it in a small studio—a perfect little thing of etched metal and gleaming glass—with its own tiny funnel for transferring perfume. It is purse-sized for carrying, yet it also makes the most adorable vanity table ornament. It will be sent as one of your selections!

Why the Club Can Offer These Tremendous Values—Plus the Romance of Shopping Abroad!

COME aboard our magic carpet . . . we're just starting out for the far corners of the earth! We're going shopping in London, Venice and Tokyo, to colorful Persian bazaars, to great international fairs, to large *ateliers* in Paris and tiny grass workshops in Africa . . . and we're traveling with a globe-trotter who knows where the *finest merchandise* and *biggest bargains* are to be found!

We're going to discover the beautiful things we've always wanted from foreign lands . . . silver ornaments from India, delicate glass objects from Belgium, woodcarvings from the Black Forest, porcelains from Scandinavia, fabrics from South America! Wherever we go, we will enjoy the excitement of shopping abroad—and best of all we'll bring back the wonderful things we've found *for just $2.00 each, postage paid, duty free!*

The World's Most Attractive Gift Bargains

Here is *your* invitation to come with us on these exciting trips through membership in the Around-the-World Shoppers Club. As a member, each month you will experience the thrill of receiving a surprise package from a foreign land! The values are unbelievable; were you able to buy these exotic gifts in America, you would find them selling for $3.50 to $6.00 each! . . . yet our members get them for only $2.00 each—even less if you join for 6 or 12 months.

Each package is packed and mailed in the country of origin, and your name is actually sent to a different corner of the world each month. With each of your gifts also comes the Club's fascinating brochure which gives the history of the article and describes the way it was made. This brochure is your Club's way of showing you the uniqueness and value of the gift.

How Can the Club Procure Such Bargains?

Many members cannot understand how we bring them such fine merchandise for so little cost. The secret is the magic of the American dollar and the large Club membership. Foreign nations need dollars to support native industries. They are glad to offer tremendous values in exchange, especially when they are eager for the huge order we can place; thus you get more for your money and at the same time you help improve world conditions by lending a hand to our good neighbors! What they want is *trade*, not aid—and the Club is helping along this line.

How You May Join the Club

There are no fees or dues, and the gifts cost just $2.00 each to members. You pay no postage, no duty; the value is guaranteed to be more than satisfactory in each instance. You may join on any of the following popular plans:

3 MONTHS MEMBERSHIP
(3 consecutive shipments).....$ 6.00

6 MONTHS MEMBERSHIP
(6 consecutive shipments)..... 11.00

12 MONTHS MEMBERSHIP
(12 consecutive shipments)..... 20.00

(Note: the U. S. Post Office Dept. charges a service fee of 15¢ for delivering foreign packages, which is collected by your postman and cannot be prepaid)

Cancellation Privilege

When your packages arrive each month, covered with intriguing stamps from distant lands, you'll hardly be able to wait until you've discovered what new enchanting gift you've received. We don't think you'll ever be disappointed in any way, but if you are you may resign at any time, and the full unused portion of your payment will be refunded at once. As a further guarantee, if you are not completly delighted with your first gift, simply keep it with our compliments and we will immediately refund the total amount you have paid!

Mail the Coupon Today

Why not begin membership right now while our sources of the valuable articles shown on this page are still making them available? If you join at once we will be able to keep your gifts coming to you at only $2.00 each for the entire term of your membership. So use the coupon NOW to join—or write us, enclosing your remittance for the membership term desired. *Do it today*—because you won't want to miss a single shipment of the exciting gifts to come!

Around-the-World Shoppers Club, Dept. 784 **NB**
24 Treat Place, Newark 2, N. J.

Enroll me as a Member and send me as my first three Gifts the pastry fork setting from England, the twilight lamp from Holland and the petit perfume flacon from France. If my membership is for more than three months, continue regular monthly shipments of the Club's selections of foreign merchandise, through the term of membership selected:

☐ **3 Months Membership...$ 6.00**
☐ **6 Months Membership...$11.00**
☐ **12 Months Membership...$20.00**

I enclose remittance for $_____

Name.....
(Please Print)

Address.....

City & Zone.....**State**.....

☐ Do not personalize any items, as I may wish to use them as gifts.

☐ For those items which you will personalize, please use the following initials.....

References: Franklin-Washington Trust Co., Newark 2, N. J.

AROUND-THE-WORLD SHOPPERS CLUB
24 TREAT PLACE, NEWARK 2, N. J.

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